



## DRAMATIC MIRROR®

VOL. XXI, No. 539.

NEW YORK: SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1889.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

## NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

DOVETTA THE PINK OF AMATEURDOM. HOW THE PROPHECIES OF ITS SUCCESS FAILED ON THE FIRST REPRESENTATION. THE PET OF THE PRIVATE CIRCLE AND HER PROGRESS INTO PUBLIC VIEW. THE THEATRE OF THE METROPOLIS LAGGARD IN CENTENNIALISM. WHERE TO ESCAPE THE ROW OF THE BIG CELEBRATION.

The Spring sunshine brings the amateurish and tender sprouts to the surface of the stage as it brings them to the surface of the earth.

Could such a lettuce leaf of opera, as is Dovetta, have sprung into green life at any other time than this? Somehow, it looked as if the charming creatures who planted it, dug about and manured it, said to themselves, the whole city is taken up with the Centennial, nobody is thinking of anything else; now is our chance to put Dovetta on without attracting attention, except from the foresworn friends who have heard it in our parlor.

This operetta, produced at the Standard with all the *éclat* that personal friendliness can command, is the pink of amateurdom. It had all the tenderness of a boudoir tulip or an album water color. It was the triumph of discreet inanity and parlor propriety overdressed. Every care had been taken that it should not mean too much; that it should not be vulgarized by newness or brightness or human interest. Your fastidious lady who composes music in the bay window, without the slightest interest in what goes on on the other side of the panes, invariably takes her product when it is completed and appeals to the people who are on the other side. She is so lifted up above the market that she must have a battalion of personal friends to protect her in selling her goods. These friends stand round with the drawn swords of their consideration and warn you not to judge, not to criticize, not to be bored, because she is a lady.

Amateurdom is always carrying these delicate vases of talent out of the boudoir where they belong, and setting them in the roadway to be smashed. Gallantry is always gathering up the pieces with tears and lamenting the brutality of the highway.

Two hundred deeply interested, social admirers of Dovetta have for the past month made the primrose paths of New York echo with their praise of the opera. The fringe of every scented circle fluttered with the flattery. I heard in Arcadia that it was the passion flower of genius. I was told in Bohemia that the American lyric drama had arrived. There was self-satisfaction in Utopia that a woman had done it. Authoritative amateurs played its best numbers. Social wits quoted its crisp sayings. The Areopagites of the tea-table prophesied its success.

Strange, isn't it, that this cotillion was wholly destitute of a judgment that was fit to go into the market? Dovetta, that had charmed the hypercritical souls of the friendly sets; that had sown the air with promises—failed utterly and instantly the moment it was set in the cold blast of popular appreciation.

I know a delicious musician, whose violet eyes make melody without an instrument. She breathes pastorals, and every motion is a madrigal. But the moment she begins to compose, she remembers something. Her *chef d'œuvre* is a reproduction of Mendelssohn's Wedding March. Her bacchanal is "Il Segreto," her nocturne winds in and out of Chopin. She is the most delightful reverberator I ever encountered, but she isn't conscious of it. She never, in all her life, evolved a new succession or continuation of notes. But she lives in the constant hallucination that she creates the succession. She has a memory that enslaves her. And I have seen musicians in her parlor listen to strains of Verdi and Flotow with lying admiration and assure her they were new. A silken hypocrisy closes in her whole life. She never utters anything but voluptuous lies. She never hears anything but silken deception.

If some hideous monster should say to her, "My dear, your music isn't composed, it's conserved. It doesn't come out of you, it drifts through you,"—there would be a scene.

Everybody has admired the net of a private circle. We have all worshiped some divinity, endowed with talent, who let her back hair down and entranced us on special evenings when the world was barred out. There were always aunts, who said, "Dear, dear, to think of the poverty-struck creatures who are winning the world's acclaim while this gifted child is kept here in private! It's a shame! She belongs to the race. What a sensation she would make, wouldn't she?"

I think we all had this feeling. Personal contact with her so took the edge off our judgment that we magnified her beyond all measure. We could not understand that it was the woman and not her talent that we were admiring. We told all our friends about this divine fire and this true mettle and the magnetism and the presence and the sympathetic quality. There grew up an atmosphere of adulation and expectation.

Do you remember the night she appeared in public? Can you ever forget the poignant interest that we felt; how indignant we were that the women in the box seemed indifferent and the people behind us conversed. Do you recall how much smaller the genius looked on the stage than she did in the parlor? How her voice, that had always been so full, seemed to be muffled and weak? How the strangers in the house mistook the other woman for the star? How, somehow, the angel's dresses didn't have the swing and the steps lacked the firmness, and altogether how amateurish she was, and, in some inscrutable way, diminished?

Those lisping hawthorn buds who believed Dovetta was an inspiration must have had a curious sensation when they saw, to their astonishment, that it was dull, weak, slightly tiresome and wholly unoriginal. And nothing but a public experiment would have determined this.

It is not often that men on the stage "travel," as our slang has it, on their personal charms. But Mr. Joe Emmet is a case in point. It seems a long while ago since he first fascinated us with his beauty, his nasal voice and his inimitable step.

Now he has come back. Slightly corpulent, and tries to keep up the same illusion. I wonder if his admirers see him as he is, or only as he once was. I wonder if they would not rather have him keep on with Fritz and "Sleep My Baby" than try to do something new. We have our stage superstitions. We would rather see Maggie Mitchell in Fanchon than in a new play, especially at these Centennial times.

And speaking of this theme, do you not feel, my dear Mirror, that the theatre of the metropolis has been laggard in Centennialism? The unprecedented effort to celebrate has taken in all that is military, naval, social and industrial in our community, but the art endeavor stops at an exhibition of pictures. It appears to me that the managers and actors might have offered a worthy contribution to this event. There certainly might have been one great performance of a worthy play. A million strangers will be in town—what special dramatic event marks the occasion? Where was the public-spirited Manager Daly and Manager Palmer and Manager Hill and Manager Frohman? Where was the ever fertile Mr. Boucicault and the ever patriotic Steele Mackaye? Where was the American actor, Mr. Barrett and his support, the ever popular Mr. Booth? Where was the ever genial Mr. Jefferson and the ever public spirited Clara Morris? What was the ever young John Gilbert thinking about? Where is John Sleeper Clarke hiding? What's the matter with Rose Coghlan and Mrs. Bowers and plethoric Denman Thompson?

Not a Centennial sigh, by Jove! Even the jubilee Pat Gilmore, who wrote a national ode when there was no occasion for it, is as mute as a clam, now that the occasion has arrived.

What an opportunity for Edwin Booth to have blown a bugle blast to his fellow artists and rallied them for a memorial effort! These enthusiastic people only needed a spark to have all exploded together in a *feu de joie* of Centennialism. They would have come at his call and the theatre would have had its Centennial. I am sure.

The trouble with the theatre is that it has no public-spirited leader and commander.

Poetry in the presence of the venerable Whittier; decorative art, new ballads and songs for the people and marches for the bands; commerce closing its doors at a sacrifice of millions; traffic suspended in favor of a pageant; business forgotten; but the drama hasn't time and can't afford to celebrate.

Some months ago that excellent actor, Mr. Louis Aldrich, made the welkin ring with his Americanism. Now that the welkin is specially prepared he doesn't care for it. I remarked at the time in these columns that in less than three months the kind of patriotism that Mr. Aldrich was chanting would be forgotten.

Philopena, Mr. Aldrich! There isn't a more deeply-dyed American than Billy Florence. And he was brought up in New York, too. Every fibre in him goes out to Gotham. I don't know, but I have an idea he will go a-fishing till the fuss has blown over.

Perhaps the theatre has so often got a black eye in its attempt to be American that it has learned modesty, and left patriotism to express itself with brass bands and brewers' wagons. But all the same, I feel confident that had a representative actor made an appeal it would have been honored.

Just as this paper goes to press the city will be in the premonitory throes of centennialism. The ground is beginning to shake now. May it not be that the theatre, which has so often been a refuge for us from ourselves, will on this dire occasion prove a refuge peaceful and safe from our country cousins?

And here I am tempted to give a bit of advice to the million who are trying to hire windows in streets where the procession does not pass. If you would be at rest—absolute, deathlike rest—go to Dovetta until the row is over.

This serene abnegation of music and morals contains in itself the nepenthe of the grave. In it are all the panaceas of an iron will mingled with the memories of a generation of lullabies.

NYM CRINKLE.

## GRATIFYING PROGRESS.

The appeal of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR, reminding professionals of their duty to become members of the Actors' Fund, is still producing good results. This week there are nine names to be added to the list of seventy-nine persons who have joined the Fund through the persuasive influence of our columns. This swells the aggregate to eighty-eight new members, the names of those who have sent in the requisite two dollars to pay their annual dues being as follows:

BEATRICE RINEHART CONRAD,  
ALEXANDER FISHER,  
FRANK DRUMMER,  
MART ROGERS,  
R. M. GULICK,  
W. H. SMITH,  
JOHN P. LOUGNEY,  
WILL CHATTERTON,  
WARREN LLOYD.

Alexander Fisher, in forwarding two dollars for his membership dues, writes that all who are connected with the stage should send in this trifling sum at once, and that they would, if they remembered "Charity begins at home."

Fred. G. Conrad, manager of the Rinehart Opera company, writes:

Enclosed you will find \$2.00. Kindly place my wife's name on the list as a member of that grand institution, "The Actors' Fund." We both hope to become life members within the next year.

Mart Rogers says in his communication that he wants us to "keep the good work going." Nothing will please us better than to comply with his request, and we trust that many more will enable us to enroll their names on the list of members brought into the Actors' Fund through our appeal.

## CRANE'S SINGLE STAR SEASON.

William H. Crane was walking rapidly up Broadway, dodging the falling telegraph poles and trying to nod to innumerable acquaintances when a Mirror representative met him the other day.

"No. I'm not going abroad this Summer to the Paris Exposition," said the genial comedian. "There will be too great a crowd

there, and I've seen all the crowds I want to see for some time at the performances of The Henrietta this season. After the close of the engagement at the Star Theatre, I shall go to London, Ont., to assist in the benefit to Mrs. Holman, with whom I started in the profession some twenty-six years ago, and then I shall go home to Cohasset for the Summer.

My next season opens on Sept. 16 at the Chicago Opera House. I have two new plays, one by D. D. Lloyd, of the *Tribune*, who is too well known for me to have to say much of him, and the other by Matthews and Jessop. Then I have The Balloon, which was produced in London by Charles Wyndham, and is now enjoying a run over there. My designs on Falstaff have not been abandoned, but I would rather introduce myself in the American comedies, and have the fat knight follow. All the costumes and designs for scenery, etc., for Falstaff are as good as ready in London for me, but I will not produce it until toward the end of next season or the beginning of the one following. I shall play an engagement at the Star Theatre here on Jan. 20 next, coming in for a run, with a repertoire."

## LA TOSCA'S SUCCESSFUL SEASON.

Marc Klaw, who recently returned from his Western tour with Miss Davenport, was seen by a Mirror representative at the quarters of Klaw and Erlanger the other day. Mr. Klaw spoke in the most glowing terms of the Davenport La Tosca season.

"It has been," said Mr. Klaw, "the most brilliant tour of Miss Davenport's entire career, and I doubt if any tour, outside of Booth and Barrett's, has yielded a star a bigger profit than has come to Miss Davenport in La Tosca. Of course, the newspaper discussions about La Tosca helped this somewhat and aroused public curiosity, but a notable example of the strength of the attraction lies in the fact that where we played protracted engagements of two or three weeks the business kept up. Here at the Star Theatre, during the last days of the La Tosca week, the theatre could not accommodate the people."

"Miss Davenport's receipts have averaged about \$1,000 at each performance, including nights and matinees. These are not fancy figures, but actual facts. Her performance of La Tosca has been generally acknowledged by the press to be the best effort of her life. Melbourne McDowell's Scarpia has been praised without stint everywhere, and he has been complimented for the artistic discretion used in the handling of the role."

"Miss Davenport will continue playing La Tosca next season, and will probably introduce a comedy bill for one night each week to give her a rest from the strain of Sardou's tragic heroine. Her season will close week of May 13. She will spend a good portion of the Summer on the Pacific Coast."

## WAINWRIGHT IN TWELFTH NIGHT.

Gus Mortimer, the manager of Louis James and Marie Wainwright, is back in the city. He is as enthusiastic as ever over the success of his stars.

"We played the biggest engagement during Holy Week in Baltimore that was ever known there," began Mr. Mortimer, "and now we are head and heels in the work of preparation of Twelfth Night, for next season for Miss Wainwright. What do you think of this list of artists I'm negotiating with to paint the scenery? Phil. Gontcher, Walter Emens, Charles Graham, Schaefer and Maeder? There will be a cartload of scenery and Miss Wainwright will carry it all with her. E. Hamilton Bell has finished all the models for the dresses and Ben Teal has perfected his work—the arrangement of the scenes and the introduction and fixing up of new business."

"Both of these gentlemen stake their reputation upon the work they have done for the play, and both go out to Chicago to direct the production, which takes place at McVicker's about the middle of August, while Mr. James opens his season in Boston Sept. 16. Mr. James, by the way, is taking a very lively interest in his wife's work, and success is predicted by everyone connected with the business."



# THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR.

THE ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN THEATRICAL PROFESSION.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

At 145 Fifth Avenue, corner of Twenty-first Street.

HARRISON GREY FISKE,  
EDITOR AND SOLE PROPRIETOR.

**ADVERTISEMENTS.**—Twenty cents per square line. Discounts allowed for three, six and twelve months continuance. Professional cards, \$2 per line for three months. Reading notices (signed "Com."), 50 cents per line. Terms cash. Rate cards and further particulars mailed on application. Advertisements received until 1 P. M. Tuesday.

**SUBSCRIPTION.**—One year, \$2; six months, \$1; three months, 50c. Payable in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscription, \$3 per annum, postage prepaid.

The Mirror is sold in London by our agents, the International News Company, Broad's Building, Chancery Lane, and in Paris at the Grand Hotel Monnaie.

The Trade supplied by all News Companies. Remittances should be made by check, post office or express money order, postal note or registered letter, payable to THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited manuscripts.

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second Class Matter.

NEW YORK, - - - APRIL 27, 1899

The Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

**N**EXT week THE DRAMATIC MIRROR will be published on Monday morning, the Centennial holidays necessitating the early appearance of the issue in question. This number will present extra attractions in the form of illustrations and descriptive matter regarding the plays, players and playhouses of Washington's time, besides several special articles of timely interest and the usual departmental and news features.

The advertising pages will be closed on Saturday afternoon. Advertisements to be inserted next week must be received not later than 3 P. M. of that day.

## TOO MUCH AND TOO LITTLE.

**I**N England the press suffers from too much bad law; in America the people suffer from too little. A striking example of the hardships that sometimes result from telling the truth in a newspaper on the other side of the ocean is found in the recent case of *Raines versus Ledges*.

Raines is the conductor of a troupe of dancers, which on its appearance last Fall in Brighton was reported in *Ledges's* journal, the conservative and respectable *Eve*, to have given "a case-case of the most outrageous character, which was a transgression of the rules of decency." The evidence showed that the publication was justified by the facts and that it was made in the interests of public morality and without malice.

Justice FIELD, before whom the case was tried, charged against the defendant and the jury brought in a verdict of \$200 for the plaintiff. Justice FIELD, in delivering judgment, made the singular assertion that "the press must be kept in order; otherwise it might be apt to consider itself irresponsible." In other words, the verdict of the jury was righteous, not because of any damage shown to have been unjustly done the manager of the case-case performers, but on the general principle that punishment must be inflicted on newspapers whenever a chance offered. Mr. Justice FIELD, for this remark, deserves an immortal place beside *Doctormay* in the estimation of his countrymen and of appreciative posterity.

The Lord Chamberlain exercises an absolute censorship over the English stage, but it seems that the law objects to his receiving the assistance of the press in the work of publication. A government that will not trust the public to regulate the character of its own amusements, and that visits a penalty upon the paper which seeks to conserve public morality by exposing and denouncing an indecent exhibition is peculiar, to say the least.

In this country the trouble is all the other way. Our press, unlike that of England, is accorded so much liberty that in many cases it habitually transcends the tenets of decorum and becomes the embodiment of licensed vulgarity and blackguardism. While the honest freedom of our newspapers should be jealously guarded by all that revere the sacred principles on which our great republic is founded, the rights of the individual and

consideration for the common welfare demand such a revision of the libel laws as will guarantee adequate protection from the guerrillas that, unhappily, infest the field of journalism.

## WILL MR. GRADY EXPLAIN?

**T**HE *Atlanta Constitution* is a journal of influence, character and wide circulation. It is acknowledged to be the ablest edited newspaper in the South. But a specimen either of crass carelessness or deliberate misrepresentation appeared in its issue of the 14th of this month, which calls for a satisfactory explanation, or such an apology as the offense demands.

The *Constitution*, on the date in question, did us the honor of reprinting a portion of the editorial, "Actress and Woman," and the verses entitled "The First Commandment," both of which had been published in THE DRAMATIC MIRROR of the preceding week. The *Constitution* did not omit to credit these extracts, but it took particular pains to attribute them both to an obscure sporting and theatrical sheet of this city.

What has Editor GRADY to say about this?

The good things in THE DRAMATIC MIRROR are freely scissored by our esteemed contemporaries in every city of the Union. We are glad to furnish them with material to augment the interest and attractiveness of their dramatic columns, providing that they have the courtesy of crediting one item in one hundred to its legitimate source.

Fortunately there are few newspapers in the United States so lost to shame as the *Item*, of Philadelphia—a paper which habitually steals from the columns of THE DRAMATIC MIRROR and audaciously alters the plunder so as to read as though it had been gathered by its own reporters.

But, after all, the *Item* is very small potatoes in the journalistic heap.

## NOT OF AN AGE.

**O**N Sunday last millions of people united in joyful celebration of the 135th anniversary of the resurrection of their Redeemer.

On Tuesday next multitudes will witness the magnificent ceremonies commemorative of the Centennial of WASHINGTON'S inauguration as President of the United States.

These superb memorials are the more significant by contrast with the absence of one which ought to have been a fitting companion to the others.

Yesterday was the 35th anniversary of the birth of SHAKESPEARE. Except for the meeting of some societies and a fête at the Forrest Home, the day passed without recognition.

And yet SHAKESPEARE has done as much for mankind as any being that ever lived, whether he was teacher, reformer or patriot. He has filled men's minds with wisdom; he has studied the heavens of literature with glorious, unfading stars; he has fed the founts of honor, love and chivalry, unceasingly; he has lifted mortals to a height where they get golden glimpses of the immortality whose name is genius.

But his birthday passed without note. No grateful hosts attested their gratitude for the blessings he has afforded them; no eloquence flowed in silvery streams to voice the common acclaim; no poems rose from a million throats in praise of the great Bard and Master.

"Not of an age, but for all time," wrote JONSON; and when we who have feasted on his prodigal store are silent in the tomb his star will still be regnant. Our neglect cannot quench its light, or dim its enduring radiance.

## POSTERS AND NEWSPAPERS.

**I**N the large cities the bill-board is rapidly declining in favor among theatrical advertisers.

In the first place, the boards, deadwalls and hoardings are, as a rule, located in such remote or undesirable places as invalidate their potency for the purpose of conveying information to a large number of people of the class that patronize the theatres. In the second place, posters to attract the eye must possess a certain novelty of design, else will they be wasted utterly. In the third place, the newspapers are a distinctly better and relatively cheaper form of giving publicity to managerial announcements.

The poster is a relic of ignorance. It was only appropriate to the time when newspapers were scarce and limited in circulation, and

people used their eyes more than their intelligence for keeping abreast of current events. Moreover, the number of persons that peruse a poster is entirely problematical. The newspaper, on the other hand, actually reaches a large number of people. Here in New York, for example, we have three dailies, each with its own highwater mark and the largest circulation in the world.

Speaking of the relative value of the bill-board and newspaper for theatrical advertising the Philadelphia *Times* sagely observes:

It is generally conceded among advanced theatrical managers that the newspaper is at once the cheapest and the best method of reaching the great theatre-going public. Such is the condition of Philadelphia at present that upon the principal streets there are no places for the bill-board and the lithograph. They must be erected to the suburbs, where the theatrical patron never ventures and the small boy, who cannot read, unites with the equally illiterate goat, for their speedy destruction. An afternoon shower will erase the work of days, batter down the signs, blur the colors, and generally destroy the most ambitious bill-poster. The newspaper is, in truth, the only reliable means of theatrical, as it is of other advertisements. It is cheaper, farther reaching, and appeals to a better clientele, and the constant increase in the space occupied by the theatre advertisements in the leading papers shows that this fact is understood.

What is true of Philadelphia, in this connection, is true of New York and every other important city.

## ESPRIT DU CORPS.

**I**F the men and women of the stage who disgrace themselves and achieve the unpleasant notoriety which the present condition of the press so readily gives to those that feed it with toothsome scandals, would but reflect on the ill consequences of their misconduct to other and innocent persons in their profession, they would perhaps pause before crossing the threshold of evil.

It is too bad that the backslidings of the few should bring discredit upon the entirety of a profession which holds a great number of good women and honest men. But the injustice exists, and protest against it as we may, we are forced to acknowledge it and its wide prevalence.

It seems to us that every man and woman in the profession should feel a sufficient sense of responsibility to deter them from doing that which, under existing conditions, cannot but cause a diminution of the esteem and respect with which the guild is regarded by the rest of the community. There should be inculcated in every breast something of that *esprit du corps* which animates certain military and social organizations.

The profession needs to uphold its dignity and maintain its self-respect. This can be done by the cultivation of such a *morale* as will make it impossible for a man or woman to outrage public decency without incurring the ban of the profession and forfeiting its fellowship.

## PERSONAL.

**JAMES.**—George H. James sailed for England on last Saturday by the *Servia*.

**WAINWRIGHT.**—Marie Wainwright will sail for Europe on next Tuesday on the *City of New York*.

**SKIFF.**—The friends of M. T. Skiff, the veteran manager, are arranging a benefit for him to take place at an early date.

**MORTON.**—Manager W. H. Morton, of the Columbia Theatre, Chicago, was married on Monday evening in that city to Lily Post.

**COGHLAN.**—It is stated that another play from the pen of her brother Charles, will be used by Rose Coghlan in her starring tour next season.

**BRETT.**—Genevieve L. Brett, of the Crystal Slipper company, sustained a sad bereavement in the death of her father, George O. Brett, who died in this city on Wednesday last.

**O'NEILL.**—James O'Neill left town on Monday for his country seat at New London, Conn. He will open his next tour in Monte Cristo on September 2, somewhere in New England.

**RITA.**—Mlle. Rita is reported to have struck luck in the West. Some time since, on the advice of a friend, she bought land in Seattle, W. T., for \$5,000, which is valued today at \$50,000.

**GOODWIN.**—Frank L. Goodwin, who is acting as manager for J. Fowler, of Philadelphia, the author of *White Elephant* and *Knight of the Gods*, is arranging to have those pieces read by prominent managers of this city.

**CLAIRON.**—Laura Clairon was married on April 10 to Louis Walther, a wholesale leather merchant, at Trinity Church, Hoboken, N. J. Miss Clairon has been acting *Angeline* roles in the company of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence.

**CONWAY.**—H. B. Conway, the Englishman who is to support Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., next season, and who is now starring in Captain Swift through the English provinces, will sail for this country about the last week in September.

**DE BELLEVILLE.**—Frederick De Belleville will not be in the cast of *Hands Across the Sea*, after all.

**JEFFERSON.**—Joseph Jefferson, in *Rip Van Winkle* at Heuck's Opera House in Cincinnati, on 15th drew a \$2,500 house.

**LIBBEY.**—J. Aldrich Libbey, the rising young baritone, is meeting with much success in the role of Alvin Barry in Spenser's *Little Tycoon* company.

**BANCROFT.**—Helen Bancroft has resigned from Marie Wainwright's company. A difference of opinion regarding the costumes to be worn in the production of *Twelfth Night* was the cause.

**FERNANDEZ.**—Mrs. E. L. Fernandez is advertising for a window to be secured at a reasonable rental from which the theatrical children can witness the Centennial Inauguration parade.

**TIMBERMAN.**—Mary Timberman, a handsome young actress from the West, has closed season with the Prescott-McLean company and come to this city. She is looking for an engagement for next season.

**DABOLL.**—W. S. Daboll has left the Casino company and will go with Francis Wilson, Comedian Stevens, of The Said Pasha company, is to take the part in *The Brigands*, which was to have been played by Daboll.

**MILLWARD.**—Jessie Millward who played Dora in the recent revival of *Harbor Lights* at the Adelphi Theatre, in London, has the record of having played that part over 600 times. Miss Millward returns to this country with William Terriss next season.

**GARDINER.**—C. R. Gardiner has gone to California and Oregon to personally look after the three months' tour of He, She, Him and Her through that country. Mr. Gardiner will have no interest in any road attraction with the exception of the above next season.

**MATHER.**—Margaret Mather will make her last appearance in New York this season at the Grand Opera House on May 20, and will not be seen again until the Spring of 1900, by which time two new plays will have been added to her repertoire.

**REIFFARTH.**—Jennie Reiffarth left the Corned Opera company in Denver on Saturday last and returned to this city for a well-earned rest. Her part in *The King's Fool* is now being played by Lulu Nicholls, who was formerly with the Wilbur Opera company.

**LAMONT.**—Helen Lamont, having recovered from the illness which detained her in town for a fortnight, resumed her place at the head of the Stetson Opera company at Baltimore on Monday night. Miss Lamont will play a six weeks' engagement at the Grand Opera House in Washington, beginning early in May.

**RICKETTS.**—Tom Ricketts, the baritone, who is to star next season under the management of Upham and Currier, will sail May 2 for Europe. On his return he will bring back a number of European novelties. The original Majillons, who have not been seen in this country for several years, will be members of his company next season.

**BIOGRAPHY.**—Stage memoirs and autobiographies are becoming a feature of theatrical bibliography. Lester Wallace's autobiography has been published, the first part of Joseph Jefferson's will appear in October, W. J. Florence is about to write his memoirs, and there are rumors of another history of the Booth family, to be supervised and edited by Edwin Booth. Fanny Davenport is writing a biography of her father, E. L. Davenport, and Mrs. Langtry's life may appear on the book stalls any time within the coming year.

**PROVINCIAL.**—A gosling on the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* has made a discovery that will interest the dramatic profession generally, and those that have made a study of Shylock in particular. It is that Shylock's greatest scene is the so-called Trial Scene. Why is the country editor wont to turn the drama over to the office fledglings? The writer of the article here referred to knows as much about the drama and dramatic art as he knows about the geography of Saturn.

**VILLIERS.**—Frederick Villiers, the artist and war correspondent of the London *Graphic*, closed his lecture season at Woodstock, N. B., on the 17th inst. Mr. Villiers came to this country last Fall for the purpose of delivering a series of illustrated lectures on war subjects, in the larger cities, but the Presidential campaign forced him to cross into Canada, where he made a popular and financial success. It is his intention to return to the United States for an extended tour next season.

**TEARLE.**—At Sunderland, England, on the 4th inst., Osmond Tearle was tendered a banquet and presented by Richard Fynes, of the New Theatre Royal at Blyth, with a pair of bronze ornaments. Mr. Fynes, in a speech, alluded to Mr. Tearle's kindly act on the occasion of the destruction of his old theatre. Mr. Tearle, who was then in America, at once sent a telegram expressing his sympathy, following it with a letter containing a £10 note. He had also offered to open the theatre and give him the first night's receipts, which he did, the manager realizing £52 by Mr. Tearle's generosity.



## THE USHER.



Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.  
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

"In Memory of John McCullough" is the title of a beautifully printed book, prepared by William Winter, which has just been issued from the De Vinne Press. It was printed from type and the edition is limited to five hundred copies.

The frontispiece is a good photo-gravure portrait of the tragedian. Included in the contents are an appropriate biographical sketch by Mr. Winter; the poem of praise by the same writer, delivered in 1881, at the banquet to McCullough, on the eve of his departure to England; Henry Edwards' touching funeral oration; a picture and description of the McCullough monument, together with an account of the ceremonies at its unveiling.

McCullough was renowned for his big heart rather than for histrionic genius. He left as the record of a genial and generous life a thousand steadfast friends. To these this little book will be a grateful memorial.

"A Disgusted Professional" sends me some clippings from a paper called the *St. Louis Critic*, which refer in scurrilous language to several reputable and well-known players who recently ventured within the precincts of that unsavory city to fulfil engagements.

My correspondent asks if something cannot be done to put a stop to this blackguardism, and suggests as a remedy that self-respecting stars and managers shall refuse to play in St. Louis next season.

The people of St. Louis must be as vile as their newspapers, for the press of a community takes its cue from the public that support it.

The *Critic* is no more indecent than its local contemporaries which not long ago conspired to assail and vilify Mary Anderson, in the most brutal and disreputable manner. The result was that the newspapers of the entire country united in heartily denouncing the outrage and castigating its perpetrators.

My correspondent can find satisfaction in the reflection that St. Louis, through its prints, has earned the distinction of being regarded as a particularly rank and offensive dunghill by a large number of the intelligent inhabitants of this great and glorious republic.

Minnie Maddern—who will make her reappearance in New York one week from next Monday, after an absence of two seasons—is the best developed type, on the contemporary stage, of that description of actress to which the French have given the name of *ingenue*.

But not only is she unrivalled in that wonderful blending of art and nature, of gentle humor and tender pathos, that bestows a rare, indescribable charm upon her creations—her claims to distinction and support rest upon an even stronger basis. Miss Maddern has pursued her avocation legitimately.

Sedulously avoiding the easy methods whereby so many impatient and less conscientious artists seek to attract public notice; eschewing all the artifices by which personal advertisement is secured; sacrificing commercial considerations unhesitatingly for the sake of honorable ambition; true as steel to her artistic ideal—Minnie Maddern has modestly, faithfully and nobly upheld, in public and in private, the principles that are most commendable in both the actress and the woman. She is an honor to her profession.

Featherbrain, the piece in which Miss Maddern will make her *résumé* at the Madison Square, will present her in a new sort of part and among strange surroundings.

It is a lively comedy of mistakes and complications, and Miss Maddern's character, unlike those she has hitherto acted, is entirely devoid of seriousness or sentiment. Her incursion into the realm of polite farce will be awaited with great interest by those that appreciate the genuineness and originality of her work.

"Rented: A Husband," is the title of a theatrical novel just published by Cassell and Company. The author, whose identity finds concealment beneath a *nom de plume*, is evidently familiar with professional life, about which he—or she—writes with a certain facility.

The book, as a literary production, is without merit of any kind; but the plot derives a

dubious sort of interest from the fact that it is founded on the outlines of a theatrical *ex-clandre* that obtained notoriety ten years ago.

Although the chief personages have been varnished with the romancer's glamor and the facts have been distorted so as to form a sentimental tale, the disguise is so thin that the characters are easily recognized.

The bad taste of the writer who will select such a subject for a work of fiction is not excusable, even on the plea of paucity of inventive skill. When the scandal-loving press has once shaken the dirty linen of disreputable people under our noses and then thrown it into the rubbish-heap of obscurity, the novelist should let it remain there.

Unfortunately, however, the novelist of today usually sets forth with a bag on his back and a pick in his hand to unearth the treasure of the human garbage-barrels and let loose upon the air the fragrant perfumes contained therein.

Contemporary fictionists are divided into two classes: those that give us milk and those that give us muck.

Mr. Daly went to church, like the devout Catholic that he is, on Good Friday.

His company worked all day at rehearsal. Thus it is that treasures are laid up for us in heaven and the box-office.

"I heard the score in advance," said a friend of Mrs. Raymond's to another man in the lobby of the Standard, after the second act of *Dovetta* on Monday night.

"Well, I prefer to hear it in retreat," said the other as he jumped into a hansom, and ordered the driver to rush him to some place where he could buy a little oblivion.

"The Giddy Gusher Papers" is having a large sale. The book is eagerly sought by those that admired the lamented author's brilliant powers.

Coming events cast their shadows before, and the closing of the season is indicated by sundry unmistakable precautionary signals.

The players on whom fortune has grinned are engaging passage for Europe and the Exposition, or selecting choice abiding places by mountain, lake or sea. The plain, ordinary folk, who have gotten through the campaign and earned their Summer salt, are casting sheep's eyes at sundry quiet watering places or modest rural retreats, where fresh air, sunshine and flannel shirts may be enjoyed inexpensively.

But there will be an army on the burning pave and in and about the sweltering urban professional haunts, during the long and dreary term of idleness and theometric altitudinosity.

It was delightful along the Riverside Drive on Sunday afternoon.

The nondescript crowds wheeling along the Western road of the Park in heterogeneous perambulatory procession left the Riverside to the comparative few, and there was a consequent absence of crush and confusion.

Among those up there for whose benefit the river sparkled, the breeze spread the grateful Spring odors of fresh earth and green growing things, and the sky wore its bluest Easter bonnet, trimmed with fleeciest vapors, were A. M. Palmer, in a Victoria drawn by a sparkling team of bays; John Schoeffel and his accomplished wife, Agnes Booth; Joseph Howard, absorbing the Southerly zephyr, like an air-plant and revolving paragraphic pyrotechnics for the *Press*, and Marshall Wilder, jogging along in a little trap, surveying the beauty of the Hudson and refreshing his mental arithmetic with calculations of the holding capacity of Palmer's.

Those that spent their Easter afternoon in this way had the very best of it.

Joseph Howard, Jr., has moved from the *Tribune* to the *World* building, where he has secured more commodious quarters for his rapidly increasing business.

For a young man Mr. Howard seems to be getting on capitally. His daily column of paragraphs in the *Press* is read with avidity and copied like the old masters.

Bad actors and vulgar variety performers should go to England. The courts over there protect all such from newspaper criticism and protest—*vide* the case of Barnes vs. Ledger.

Comic opera at the Casino, Broadway, Standard and Palmer's will make the month of May unusually merry.

But one or two of the big musical four, Aronson, Wilson, Duff and McCaull, are likely to get tired of the sport when the juleps nest again, along in July.

The Casino with its roof garden, which draws as much money as the opera, will have the advantage over its rivals. But from present indications all will combine to make the pace very hot.

The gay and festive W. W. Kelly is once more on the high seas. He gave out that he

would sail for England on the 15th of next month and then he slipped aboard a ship last Saturday and put off without saying good-bye.

Mr. Kelly, of course, took this precaution in order to avoid the reporters, from whom he shrinks like a maiden star from her first interviewer.

Mr. Kelly made all arrangements for Grace Hawthorne's tour before his departure. She will open at the Union Square in November. Camille, Marion Delorme, and another piece from the French will constitute her repertoire.

Wilson Barrett lost a good deal of money during his American visit. His business was good—large in some places—but his salary list and running expenses were so extravagant as to leave no possibility of clearing a profit.

He brought sixty-eight people, many carloads of scenery and several plays that the public didn't take to kindly.

The flattering unctious which Mr. Barrett lays to his soul is that he is a tragedian and can act Hamlet. This delusion lost him a large fortune at the London Princess' where, had he confined himself to such roles as Jack Hearne and Jack Veulett, and left the Shakespearean and classic drama wisely alone, he might still have been playing and managing prosperously.

Romantic melodrama is Mr. Barrett's forte, and no one is more attractive in that line of work. But he insists on trying to do something which others can do so much better that he suffers sadly by comparison.

Mr. Barrett will make a big mistake if, as he contemplates, he makes Claudian the principal feature of his repertoire over here next season.

He will also suffer, as he did before, if he again books his route from England, and jumps wildly about our theatrical territory like a lively flea, from Jericho to kingdom come and back again.

Yesterday, according to time-honored custom and the provisions of Edwin Forrest's will, the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth was celebrated at the Forrest Home at Holmesburg.

A. M. Palmer, Henry C. Jarrett and several others went over to attend the ceremonies.

Maud Granger asks me to say for her that she did not leave the Two Lives company in Baltimore, with salaries unpaid, as some of the papers erroneously reported.

That distinction belongs to Mr. J. K. Tilton, the author of the play and manager of the company.

Miss Granger had nothing to do with the enterprise, beyond playing the principal part for a salary, which, for several weeks, she didn't get.

## RYLEY AND RILEY.

J. H. Ryley, of the Casino company, has met his namesake, James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, very often during the past season. In fact, their routes seemed to be almost identical, and the poet's name was always the first to greet the comedian on the hotel registers out West.

"Occasionally this led to complications," said Mr. Ryley, in speaking of the matter to a reporter. "In Buffalo, for instance, my wife was summoned to the office to answer a telephone call.

"Hello! Hello!" she answered back in response to the ring.

"Hello," said a female voice; "Is that Mr. Ryley?"

"No. He is out."

"What time will he return?"

"At three. But who is this speaking?"

"Never mind that. Tell him a lady from Rochester, and he'll know. Say she'll call at the Genesee at six. Don't forget!"

"I'll not forget," said Mrs. R., and she didn't.

"A lady from Rochester," said I, amazed, when I heard the story. "Ah! Of course, it's the other Mr. Riley. I must go and have the message sent to him."

"It would be discourteous not to—very," was the sarcastic rejoinder.

"Mr. Riley was not in, but I saw the telephone clerk and made things all right."

"And was it the other Mr. Riley who was wanted?" asked the reporter.

The comedian spake him nought, but his glance was worthy of a recall.

## J. K. EMMET'S NEW PLAY.

Genial Fritz Emmet was discovered by a *Mirror* reporter in his dressing-room at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Monday morning, thrumming his guitar and humming the air of his new "Laughing Jack" song.

"I've no doubt at all over the success of the new Fritz," Mr. Emmet began. "It's here for eight weeks sure, and it may run longer. An impression seems to be prevalent that the play is of the Running Wild nature, simply because Run Wild, the English piece, has been used in its construction. It is not, as

you will see for yourself. It is a melodrama, and is constructed from two English plays—Loose Tiles and Run Wild. The six acts of these two plays I have put into three. I always construct my own plays, you know. Ever since Henry J. Byron said to me when I went to him to correct an error he made, 'Why don't you do it yourself,' I have written all my own plays, and by it I've saved thousands and thousands of dollars.

"However, I'm always open for a good drama. I would pay as much for a good one as anybody, and, if there was anything in it, guarantee to make it a success. But I never pay royalty. I'll give a good round sum, but I don't believe, after having made my reputation worth so much money to me, that I should share that money with a dramatist. I never paid royalty but once and that was to Charley Gayler, who wrote my first Fritz, and it was a big one—he receiving half of what I made for two years.

"I hardly made up my mind what I shall do this Summer but I know I won't have time to go to Europe as I begin my season in Chicago about the middle of August. The four weeks I shall have to spare will probably be spent at home. For next season we have over forty weeks booked."

## DANIEL FROHMAN'S PLANS.

Daniel Frohman is a busy manager this season, and he expects to be even more actively employed next season. It was by chance that a reporter of *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* caught him at the Lyceum, just before the performance the other evening.

"We shall close the season at this house with a revival of *The Wife*," said he, "which we shall put on next Monday night for Centennial week. It is an American play and is suited to the occasion. The Marquise, having proved a success, will be added to the company's repertoire. On May 18 the theatre will be closed and remain so until the middle of August, when E. H. Sothern begins his annual Summer and Autumn engagement, appearing in *Lord Chumley* and *The Highest Bidder*. He will be supported by the same company as heretofore with the exception of Herbert and Belle Archer. Charlotte Tittel, of San Francisco, a handsome lady and a very clever actress, will be Mr. Sothern's leading support. I have engaged her for two years.

"The Lyceum Theatre company will start for San Francisco on June 6, opening at the Baldwin Theatre there a week later and playing an engagement of a month's duration, appearing in their entire repertoire. The Summer trip will extend over twenty weeks and will close in Boston. For next season the company will be unchanged, except that Louise Dillon will retire and Effie Shannon take her place. We will open the regular season of the Lyceum about the middle of November, probably with *Belasco* and *De Mille's* new play, *The Charity Ball*. Mrs. Burnett's play is being held over for next year."

## A CANADIAN FEDERATION.

N. A. Morkill, manager of the Grand Opera House of London, Ontario, arrived in New York on Tuesday. George W. Elliott, until recently the *DRAMATIC MIRROR* correspondent at London, Ont., accompanied him on his trip to New York, and will remain here on business during the Summer.

Mr. Morkill said that he had come here to make the preliminary arrangements for booking all the one-night stands throughout Canada, such as Hamilton, London, Chatham, Kingston, Ottawa, Belleville, Brockville, St. Catharines, etc.

"I shall return to New York," he said, "on June 1, and take a desk at Randall's or Klaw and Erlanger's. This was my first year of management in London, and I am fully satisfied with the business of the season. I had previously been connected with O. B. Sheppard, manager of the Grand Opera House of Toronto, and in all probability I shall be commissioned by him to book the open time for his house.

"The attachés of my theatre presented me with a handsome gold watch on the occasion of my benefit, April 8. Frank Kirschner, our advertising agent, made the presentation speech after the second act of *Monbars*, enacted by Robert Mantell. I was so taken by surprise that I hardly know what I said, but I assure you that such tokens of appreciation establish kindly feelings, and, for my own part, make me feel like working harder than ever next season."

## THE SEASON'S CLOSE.

The following companies closed season recently: Doré Davidson's *Dr. Jekyll* and Mr. Hyde; Arthur Rehan's company; W. J. Scanlan; Paul Kanvar company; Jim the Penman No. 2 company; White Slave company; Rosedale company; Louis James and Maud Wainwright; Alone in London will close on May 11 in this city; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence will close on Saturday night.

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL will sail for this country about the middle of September.



## AT THE THEATRES.

## STANDARD.—DOVETTA.

Papalohonta..... Harry Brown  
Broken Arrow..... Emily Soldene  
Rainbow..... Joseph Lynde  
Dovetta..... Fatmah Diard  
Muskrat..... Fred Matthews  
Brambleton..... Frank David  
Florrie Brambleton..... Rose Leighton  
Robert Brambleton..... W. S. Rising  
Clubby..... Mattie Delano Barnes  
Broomy..... Miss Ruby Stuart

Dovetta is a nice little attempt to do a very difficult thing, undertaken by two women of refinement and cultivation, who lack the skill but not the ambition to succeed in a field where many with greater experience have failed.

Mrs. E. Marcy Raymond's score contains some rather pretty numbers of a simple ballad style, and one or two concerted pieces that are harmonious and pleasing, if not particularly original. All her work is amateurish and suggestive of the mild atmosphere of the drawing-room. There are reminiscences of several popular little songs, an inefficiency in every effort in the matter of finales and the larger effects, and a thinness that is at times irritating.

But the audience at the Standard on Monday night, which contained a numerous contingent of the composer's friends, was most cordial in its reception of her work and applauded everything with an enthusiasm worthy of a better cause.

The libretto—what little there was of it—(which was not much, as Mrs. Raymond's score occupied most of the performance) reflects little credit upon Miss Betsey Bancker's taste or discrimination. It is for the most part a wild jumble of incoherent lines that are more silly than funny, and which show, in general composition, neither plot nor purpose.

There seems to be a fatality attending every attempt to introduce the Indian element into comic opera. Poor Lo is neither an attractive nor an interesting person anywhere, but he is even less so on the boards than in real life.

Dovetta takes us from Washington to the redman's reservation, where principals and chorus likewise repair. She is an Indian princess who is loved by both a young brave of her tribe and the military son of a United States Commissioner. They seem to have a hard time in prosecuting their respective suits, and they all take refuge in love songs at the least provocation. The comic characters are a bogus Indian chieftain, the Commissioner's aide and two giddy old girls, respectively red and pale faced. The human and vocal background is formed by squaws, braves and a company of volunteers dressed like French soldiers.

Harry Brown was sometimes droll in the dreary part of Papalohonta. Joseph Lynde's good baritone voice was heard to advantage in the role of Rainbow, the amorous brave. Muskrat, a drunken Indian who gets a "pull" on his chief, was acrobatically administered in large doses by Fred Matthews. Frank David, made up as Chauncey Depew, was amusing as Brambleton. Will Rising was a good-looking lover, but his singing was often painful.

Fatmah Diard—the record does not furnish the derivation of that startling name—sang and acted the title role satisfactorily. Her opening song was charmingly rendered. Misses Leighton and Soldene were the giddy persons of uncertain age. Dovetta is beautifully mounted.

## FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.—UNCLE JOE

Uncle Joe Parker..... Edmund D. Lyons  
Richard Parker..... C. D. Bennett  
Baron Von Woelfenstein..... Harold Hartsell  
Mrs. Von Woelfenstein..... Mrs. J. Cody  
Hon. Bob Peasley..... R. N. Hickman  
Montague Drury..... Frank H. Dayton  
Dr. Micht..... A. E. Adams  
Johnnie Johns..... W. C. Utter  
Collyie Parker..... Louis Balle  
Mrs. Joe Parker..... Ethel Greybrook  
Lady Grace Howard..... Mary A. Penfield  
Marie Sauttas..... Marie Carlisle  
Fritz Von Woelfenstein..... J. K. Emmet

J. K. Emmet came forward at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Monday evening with a new dramatic frame-work for the perennial Fritz.

The piece is termed Uncle Joe, or Fritz in a Madhouse, and is said to have been adapted from an English source. The story, such as it is, is supposed to take place in Australia. Fritz has, as usual, a marked German accent, while his father, Baron Von Woelfenstein, speaks with the traditional stage bluster of an apoplectic Englishman. Uncle Joe Parker is an out-and-out cockney; Mrs. Parker, as the sister of the German Baron, has an affected society drawl, while the daughter of the singular pair has a most pronounced drawl, to account for which she is said to have been brought up in Ireland. Fritz prefers to dress and live the life of a careless vagabond, although the son of a decidedly high-toned father. His chivalrous nature leads him to knock a man down in defense of a woman. Owing to his arrest for this act, Fritz is sent off by the old gentleman to shift for himself.

Uncle Joe has a caddish son, Richard, in Melbourne, who is ashamed of his father's origin. Richard has contracted a secret marriage, and as he defers acknowledging it his wife leaves an infant in the garden of his

father's country seat. This leads to the separation of Parker, *père*, from his affected spouse. Uncle Joe, accordingly, goes to see his boy in Melbourne, and, in fact, the whole cast seems to follow suit. Fritz meets Collyie in Richard's chambers, and she bestows all kind of sisterly affection on him, believing Fritz to be her brother. An attempt is made to introduce a dramatic episode by making Richard introduce Uncle Joe to his friends as Mr. Jones. While Richard is out of the room these friends, unaware of his relationship, reveal to the old man that his son makes fun of him behind his back. When Fritz comes on the scene and lets them know who Uncle Joe really is, these friends denounce Richard for his cowardly action.

The third act takes place in a boarding-house which had formerly been a lunatic asylum. Fritz, under the impression that he is dealing with lunatics, acts so irrationally that he is taken for a lunatic himself. All this was apparently a side show, for it had very little to do with the plot. The last act presents Fritz on a ranch. Richard has reformed and is seen sawing wood, being surrounded by his wife and baby. Fritz has established Uncle Joe on the ranch with Collyie to take care of him. Mrs. Parker arrives in due time and the usual reconciliation ensues. Fritz obtains permission to marry Collyie, and his father confesses himself to have been in the wrong.

Mr. Emmet, of course, introduced his various specialties from the popular domain of song and dance. He was precisely the same Fritz he was twenty years ago, except that he possesses a little more *avoids*. He is essentially a genial actor and charms his audiences by his grace, good nature and pleasing methods. He was provided with various new songs that made a favorable impression, and there were the usual number of children for Fritz to sing to in the last act. Pinlimmon, an enormous St. Bernard dog, came on the stage occasionally, and seemed to enjoy himself as much as anybody else.

Edmond D. Lyons gave an excellent character sketch of Uncle Joe, but the impersonation of Richard Parker by C. D. Bennett was a poor effort. Harold Hartsell was decidedly mechanical as the splenetic Baron. Louis Balle gave a commendable rendering to the character of Collyie Parker. Her *brague* was racy and her comedy work quite amusing. Ethel Greybrook was rather conventional as Mrs. Parker, but at best had a thankless role to depict. Mary A. Penfield doubled the parts of Lady Grace and Laura Withus, and was as comely in the first as she was grotesque and entertaining in the latter character. Marie Carlisle gave a capital delineation of an eccentric old maid, her acting and make-up being both decidedly effective. The negro character of Johnnie Johns was cleverly enacted by W. C. Utter.

## WINDSOR THEATRE.—MRS. POTTER.

Mrs. Potter opened a week's engagement at the Windsor Theatre on Monday night with *Rome and Juliet*. In spite of her manifest inability to render the role of Juliet in accordance with the ideas of most Shakespearean critics and her frequent departure from traditional practice, it must be allowed that she greatly pleased a characteristic East Side audience. She displayed her usual vehemence of elocution and general variety of studied attitudes. There was certainly an improvement in many respects since her last appearance in the same part, but the monotonous resemblance of her vocal inflections in every characterization she undertakes becomes wearisome and detracts from much that would be pleasing in her appearance. Her tasteful dresses were particularly noticeable.

The Romeo of Kylie Bellew is an artistic impersonation worthy of a better Juliet. In many points his acting was of a highly finished order despite his well-known mannerism of exaggerated attitudes. In the duel scene with Tybalt he was really admirable. A change was made in the cast in the substitution of R. A. Edwin for Harry Edwards in the part of Capulet; a change much to the detriment of the part. Charles A. Smiley as Friar Laurence gave in many respects an excellent rendering of the role, but was a little inclined to fall into sing-song in speaking the rhyming lines of his part. Ian Robertson was admirable as Mercutio although handicapped by a severe cold. Sydney Bowkett was decidedly tame as Paris; a milk and water stage lover. Charles W. Butler was a humorous Peter. De Los King gave a good sketch of the apothecary. Mrs. Sol Smith as Lady Capulet and Madame Ponisi as the nurse confirmed their long established reputation for artistic work. The rest of the support was fair. The supernumeraries, however, appeared like motionless dummies.

## GRAND.—THATCHER, PRIMROSE AND WEST

There is nothing to be more appreciated than novelty in a minstrel performance. Thatcher, Primrose and West, who are at the Grand Opera House this week, are evidently conscious of this fact, and strive to startle the theatrical community with occasional innovations on stereotyped methods. Last season the semi-circle contingent appeared in white faces instead of black, and this year they ap-

pear in what is billed as "Our Grand Shakespearean First Part," being costumed to correspond with the famous characters of Shakespeare. William H. West, for instance, delineates a comic Romeo, but not more absurd than many Romeos seen on the legitimate stage. Other famous characters represented in the semi-circle are King Henry VIII., Othello, Benedict, King John, Mercutio, Claudio and Hamlet. George Primrose created a great deal of laughter with his song called "The English Swell," and George Thatcher as Touchstone was equally successful in amusing the large audience present.

## THIRD AVENUE.—KENTUCKY BILL.

Frank I. Frayne's new Border Drama, Kentucky Bill was presented at Jacob's Third Avenue Theatre on Monday night to a top heavy house. The story of the play is somewhat mixed, but a succession of blood-curdling climaxes, a liberal use of gunpowder and frequent conflicts between Indians and soldiers fully satisfied those among the audience who are fond of sensational episodes. A. R. Brooks as Brace Tumble, George A. Weller as Rev. Dewit Graball, Mrs. S. K. Chester as Mrs. Graball, May Nevada as Biddy Tracy, and Josie Nagle as Kiota rendered efficient support to the star. The lion, hyenas, bronchos and dogs that form Mr. Frayne's menagerie displayed much intelligence and were enthusiastically received. Next week, Corinne.

## PEOPLE'S.—LOST IN NEW YORK.

There was a delighted East Side audience at the People's on Monday night. The comedy-drama, *Lost in New York*, served as the attraction and proved a potent one. The piece contains a number of good situations and some strong dialogue. It, however, lacks originality in plot, and is decidedly incongruous in construction.

Patrice, as Jennie, the waif, was particularly clever and gained unbounded applause. She is *chic* in manner, vivacious in action, and possesses an irresistible stage presence. The rest of the company was well-balanced and gave good representations of their respective roles. Among them might be mentioned Edward J. Ratcliffe, George Wright, Walter Pessler, Jo. Paige Smith, Florence Stover, Annie Barclay and Marie Atchison. T. W. Keene, next week.

## THALIA.—QUEEN OF THE PLAINS.

Kate Purcell appeared before a large audience at the Thalia on Monday evening, in the sensational drama, entitled, *Queen of the Plains*. Miss Purcell, who is of huge stature, did most of the work and received most of the applause. With the aid of two horses and a somewhat free use of revolvers, the Queen of the Plains made things lively, to the great delight of the boys in the gallery. Next week, *Shipped by the Light of the Moon*.

## AT OTHER HOUSES.

The Henrietta is reported to be drawing good houses at the Star, where the vocal gymnastics of Stuart Robson as Bertie and the uncanny methods of William H. Crane as Old Nick in the Street provoke a great deal of laughter.

There are only two weeks more of Little Lord Fauntleroy at the Broadway Theatre after Saturday. Now that Lent is over, many fashionable people are flocking to see Mrs. Burnett's little hero presented in dramatic form.

The demand for seats at the Twenty-third Street Theatre is as great as ever, and Neil Burgess plays to full houses nightly in the Country Fair.

The Old Homestead will give matinees every day next week except Monday, to afford Centennial visitors a chance to see this popular piece.

Tony Pastor's special attractions this week are Lester and Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watson, Edwin French and Prof. Parker's dog and cat circus.

The present engagement of A Gold Mine at the Fifth Avenue Theatre will close on Saturday night, when Nat Goodwin and his company will take to the road.

The Madison Square Theatre's regular season will close on May 4, after which the present attraction, Captain Swift, is to be transferred to the Park Theatre, Boston.

Helen Barry's engagement in A Woman's Stratagem at the Union Square Theatre will terminate at the end of the current week. Next week Robert Elmore will receive a metropolitan trial.

A Midnight Bell will remain in possession of the Bijou until the end of the season. A new recitation has been provided for diminutive Dot Clarendon, and Eugene Canfield has added several new verses to his topical song.

McCaull's Opera company may be seen nightly at Palmer's Theatre in The May Queen. Lovers of comic opera would welcome another novelty at an early date.

Said Pasha is in its second week at Niblo's. Next week Zig-Zag.

Nadji will hold the fort at the Casino until the production of The Brigands on May 6.

The Marquise will vanish from the boards of the Lyceum on Saturday night. Next

week The Wife is to be revived with a special Wednesday matinee.

## A CHAT WITH HARRIGAN.

Edward Harrigan, New York's popular playwright and actor-manager, is a highly accomplished conversationalist. A MIRROR representative called upon Mr. Harrigan and was entertained for three hours by the comedian, whose sallies of wit and keen comment on things theatrical almost diverted the reporter from the object of his visit which was to ascertain Mr. Harrigan's plans for the future. When the conversation finally drifted into the desired channel, Mr. Harrigan said:

"All I can say is, everything is in embryo. Nothing is settled! I can't get any theatre just now. I can't get any land just now. But I play in this vicinity for the next seven weeks, and by that time there may be a different story to tell. You know I go to San Francisco this Summer, and that I will produce two new comedies of my own in that city. The *locale* of those comedies is in this city, but they are not essentially local plays, and will be understood on the Pacific Coast as well as here.

"It seems strange to me that people will insist on believing that the character pictures I have drawn and do draw are indigenous to the soil—as one might say—of New York city. They are not. I can pick you out the same types in Chicago, in Omaha, in St. Louis. The banker of this city, the thief, the corner loafer of New York all have their counterparts in the large cities of the Union. Nature is the same the world over.

"But, to resume. In one of the comedies I satirize the so-called effete aristocracy of our large cities, and the other is a Hebrew play of a domestic nature. I am very proud of the work I have done in the latter and am conceited enough to think that it will be greatly appreciated on the Pacific Coast, where I have hosts of friends among the Hebrew population. In one of the pieces I play an English swell, and in the other an old German Hebrew.

"Was there not some disagreement between you and Messrs. Hyde and Behman which led to the dissolution of your business relations with that firm?"

"No. There was none. Our contract expired; that was all. I did everything to that theatre. They did nothing. And finally I concluded that if I had to be landlord and tenant both, I'd get out. No matter what was done to it you couldn't make it look well. It was fast going to pieces. What is needed for that theatre is a new building. Besides, the stage was so big and the scenery in consequence had to be made so large that it took an army of employes to handle it. Again, owing to the large proportions of the house, it was a difficult place to heat. It took an immense amount of coal to get any semblance of comfort in it, and sometimes, for instance, on a real cold night, you couldn't heat it at all. Then the façade was a miserable one—you've seen it, I guess—and altogether the place didn't have the appearance of a theatre. My new plays require new settings, and I want the best and brightest audiences before me to appreciate the satire. I don't care to put them before unappreciative audiences.

"The San Francisco engagement terminates my road season about the middle of August. What I shall do then is quite undecided—the same as my business plans. I may possibly return here. I may go to the Adirondacks or I may go to Europe. As I have said, I have not settled about a theatre here. One thing you can rest assured regarding it, and that is that I've got the material to go into a theatre which the New Yorkers want, and if I don't get the theatre I can give it to others—the San Francisco and the New Orleans people are Americans the same as the New Yorkers. I don't build theatres, either—rent them. I'm a very good tenant—one that I doesn't move out every first of May. I don't go in for a week and go away for a year. I'm getting over my ambition about New York. There are other metropolitan cities. Let some other fellow do the local work here. Besides, I think a little travel will do me a great deal of good, both physically and mentally. It will freshen me up.

"If need be, I can afford to wait a full year before settling down. But I hardly think it will be necessary. There's a lack of material about—a lack of production. They've exhausted the negro act business—that continuity of the negro act climaxes of the bobtail show that now goes to make a play—and the public is quite tired of the old horseplay. They don't want the blowing eyebrows off and sticking pins in bald heads drama any more. But they never get tired of nature. The farce-comedy makes money, but the true artist appreciates the work of such comedians as Lemoyne and Stoddart."

"There seems to be a general opinion that you are getting rid of your best people. Mr. Harrigan."

"I am getting rid of some of my old people, that's a fact. But I'm not married to any of them. If I start anew I want to start brand new. There is any amount of talent in the profession, and any number of new and bright faces in the variety field."



## AS IN A LOOKING GLASS.

Have you seen the women out in those Toby frocks? I mean those great, deep ruffles, pleated very closely and fixed around the neck in such a way that you don't know whether they are sewed on the woman, or whether she can be squeezed like a marshmallow drop and shoved between them.

They are as mysterious looking as the Sphinx, and you don't know just where they begin or where they end.

Sombody called them after Jane Hading, but that was somebody with a short memory. To be seen in their glory they have to be viewed on Mary Eastlake, who adores them. Two years ago, when she was here, she used to present an appearance not unlike some of the old pictures of John the Baptist when his head was on the salver; the huge Toby frill seemed to cut her head from the rest of her body, and one wondered if it were going to topple off again at any time.

However, I do not think that the decapitated saint had his hair done in a frizzled mop or wore a velvet Tam o' Shanter.

† † †

Does that sound irreligious to you? I don't mean that it should be, but the old pictures of the saints are so funny, and then, too, I have always had an idea myself that to do any good in this world, even a saint must have a funny-bone.

A real saint would be a most charming person, but the people who are introduced to us as saints now-a-days are, to my mind, not all wool ones nor are they a yard wide. They have no patience with sinners and for that reason are not sought for by the majority—the majority in this wicked world being largely constituted of sinners, and therefore their needs must be considered.

What a pity it is we cannot find some saints who would reform the mean sinners—those who talk scandal, who tell small lies, so mixed up with the truth that they become difficult to deny, and who cannot, to save their souls, find good in anything.

They are the sinners I would like to have done up in boiling oil, or else soaked in the concentrated lye that emanates from their own yarns.

† † †

You see there are sins and sins. That is where the Catholic Church is so wise. It discriminates.

During Lent, in Paris, the fashionable folk beat the devil around the stump by only dancing for charity; the Archbishop of Paris did not quite approve of this, and so discussed it earnestly with a *grande dame*, who quite believed in the fashionable affairs given for the benefit of the poor. She argued her cause well, and the dear old Archbishop answered her in this way:

"To dance," he said, "even for the poor in these penitential days, is a sin; but"—and here he could not help smiling—"you tell me that so very much good comes from it, that I see I shall end by granting you that it is only a—jolly sin."

† † †

I thought the Lambs' Club would not have any literary men among its members, yet Henry Guy Carleton is a member, and P. J. Collier is up for election.

Perhaps they don't consider these gentlemen as literary enough to count; or, perhaps, in the case of Mr. Collier, they make a difference between a publisher and a writer.

Lord, Lord, how many sins money will cover in this world!

† † †

One does have illusions, and although I had been told that Mr. Stuart Robson was a grandfather, still I had a vague idea that he was almost as young as he looks in *The Henrietta*.

When I saw him the other day and discovered that he was not the youthful parent that I had supposed him, I felt very much like congratulating him on his ability in the make-up line.

His curious voice has the same fascination that attaches itself to a fine bit of Japanese ware—it is charming, not because it is pretty, but because it is unique.

† † †

The actress who has the slightest idea of getting married, and, being a woman, she always has this idea more or less present, will be wise if she follows the example of the fashionable girl, and wherever she goes buys a silver spoon and has it marked with the name of the town from which it came.

It is not necessary that they should match; in fact, part of their charm consists in the fact that they don't match. A little thought about this sort of thing will provide Made-moiselle with the case of silver that is to make the first of the furnishings in the new nest. Then if the nest never comes, well, the spoons are at least portable property and silver.

† † †

One hates to preach, but, why doesn't the woman who is getting a good salary all winter save a little for the summer, so that she won't have to leave the mark of her boot heel on the pavements of New York City; realize how much more tiresome it is to have nothing

to do, all your friends out of town, and the thermometer 'way up in the nineties, than to play six nights in the week, two matinees and a benefit on Sunday night.

To learn to save is the hardest thing in the world for any woman, and for an actress to learn to save is harder still. The work-a-day time is hard, and it does seem as if in the few hours of rest one might have whatever is wanted.

Then, too, once out of her own room, the actress is almost entirely before the public, and womanlike, she wants to look her best; so that it is doubly hard to resist the pretty gown, the becoming bonnet, or the dainty boot.

It may console some of the younger ones to know that a number of the women who have achieved great success and have made money on the stage, go in for the quietest sort of dressing, claiming that they have a right to some privacy and that they get it better by not being noticeable on the street.

One pretty actress adheres strictly to the black cashmere gown, a small round hat and a plain black veil over her face. In this way she goes wherever she pleases and nobody guesses or points her out as the lovely Miss Dash who is playing at somebody's theatre.

Off the stage Sarah Bernhardt is one of the dowdiest women I have ever seen; Jane Hading one of the quietest and best dressed. Sarah irresistibly suggests the Bohemian, Hading the French *bourgeoise* who never makes an error or over-dresses herself.

† † †

The managers have fought against high hats. The critics have abused them, but woman has gone on wearing them with the same placidity that she refuses a stool and sits on the floor every morning to put her slippers on. But now Dame Fashion is endeavoring to alter all that.

Small bonnets are shown by the smart milliners, and oval toques, such as the English women affected some years ago, are noted in fine, lace-like straws, made beautiful by quaint bunches of field flowers upon them.

By-the-by, nobody ever sees Annie Robe at the theatre in a high hat. She always wears the prettiest of little bonnets that are as becoming to her as they are a source of delight to the man who sits just behind her.

† † †

I have just been reading the "Giddy Gusher Papers," and I feel as if I had a long talk on a lot of subjects with the brightest woman imaginable.

There is a laugh and a tear—a bit of color painting and something done in the delicate lines peculiar to the etcher, but whatever it is, it is well done, and the book suggests one of the Florentine mosaics in which the colors are so perfectly blended that the entire effect is one of harmony.

And she who wrote? Her hand is still. But kind words and deeds, considerate acts and gentle remembrances will make for her a monument such as comes to few of us.

Truly she builded better than she knew.

A REFLECTION.

## A DRAMATICO-LITERARY BUREAU.

This is an age of specialists, and to excel in any line of business it becomes necessary to devote one's entire attention to some particular branch. Managers, actors and aspiring playwrights should, therefore, welcome the announcement of J. W. Shannon and Ted Williams that they have established a Bureau of Stage Management and Dramatic Literature in this city. The prospects of the bureau and other interesting information relating to its projects will be gleaned from the following interview, which, for the sake of perspicuity, is given after the manner of a M.S. play—*M. R.* signifying *Mirror* representative, and Shannon and Williams being abbreviated as *Shan.* and *Will.*

*M. R.*—"What gave you the idea of establishing a bureau for reading and adapting plays, in addition to stage management and dramatic coaching?"

*Will.*—"We have virtually been in that line of dramatic work for many years past, and are simply forming a partnership with headquarters for the benefit of the profession. Mr. Shannon and I are very old friends, and were associated for many years at the Boston Museum. Afterwards Mr. Shannon joined Wallack's stock company, and I have for some time been the Shakespeare professor at the Lyceum School of Acting."

*Shan.*—"Mr. Williams, as you probably know, was stage manager of the Boston Museum for a period of twelve years. During that time he adapted and arranged many plays for the company. Among the French plays he translated for the Boston Museum are: *Frou-Frou*, *La Maison Neuve*, *Le Bon Villageois*, *Dora*, *Nos Intimes* and many others. Mein Leopold, which he brought out as My Son, made a distinct success in Boston. He wrote *Maggie the Midget* for Maggie Mitchell in 1885, and is the author of *The Blackbird*, produced at Harrigan's Theatre about six years ago. That piece is to be revived by Wesley Sisson next season. He also adapted the libretto of *Le Petit Duc* and *The Royal Niddy*. You will remember his

comedy called *The Humming Bird*, which he wrote for Nate Salsbury several years ago. His various adaptations for the American stage include *Pavements of Paris*, *The Duke's Motto* for Kralffy's spectacular version at Niblo's, and many others that I don't recall just at present."

*M. R.*—"There appears to be no doubt concerning the experience of Mr. Williams, but why don't you tell me about your own success?"

*Shan.*—"Oh! I had better leave that to Mr. Williams, since I have been giving him away."

*Will.*—"That's a fact. I always told Shannon he was too modest. You know what a good actor he is. Well that comes from my being his stage manager at the Museum. (*Both chuckle and poke each other in the ribs*). Well sir, I actually think he caught the fever of writing plays from me, too. Anyhow he took a leaf out of my book when he adopted the method of writing parts to suit successful stars. Robson and Crane brought out his piece called *Champagne* and Oysters at the New York Park Theatre in 1878; and Willie Edouin produced Shannon's *Money Bags* in London about two years ago. Perhaps you remember his piece called *Bouquets and Bombshells* in which Agnes Booth and James Lewis appeared at the Park Theatre about 1878. His piece called *Blind-man's Buff* was produced at the Chestnut Street Theatre of Philadelphia during the season of 1881-1882. He also wrote the libretto for George F. Bristow's opera of *Rip Van Winkle*."

*M. R.*—"What are your prospects for making the Bureau pay?"

*Shan.*—"We have considerable work in hand, and have received assurances from a number of managers that they would place future work with us. We are jointly engaged to direct the production of *Han's Across the Sea* at Niblo's next September. Then we are collaborating on a new romantic drama for James O'Neill, who has promised us additional work in our line. We have quite a number of plays in hand to be revised and put in shape generally before they are presented to managers. There are many persons possessing the necessary qualifications to write a good play, but who, from the lack of stage experience, make very ludicrous mistakes in the arrangement of scenes, etc."

*M. R.*—"Do you expect to discover the great American dramatist that we have been waiting for so long?"

*Will.*—"That's quite possible. At all events we can oil the machinery for public recognition of him. The obstructions placed in the way of the embryo playwright are decidedly discouraging to the most sanguine of mortals. But the Bureau will execute a good deal of other work besides reading plays. It is intended for the accommodation of managers and actors, as well as authors, who require assistance in the details of constructing or producing new pieces, whether stage direction, designs for scenery or costumes, translation or adaptation from French and German sources, or revision and alteration of works to suit particular requirements. We have opened handsome offices in the Broadway Theatre Building, in Rooms Nos. 11 and 12. Frank Sanger is very much interested in the scheme and has placed the stage of the Broadway Theatre at our service, when not otherwise occupied. We have agents in Paris and Berlin, who will forward us everything in the way of suitable novelties."

*Shan.*—"Mr. Williams trained Kathryn Kidder and Lillian Olcott for the stage. Lillian Brown, the reader, was also one of his pupils. We both have a large circle of theatrical acquaintances, and shall do everything in our power to make the Bureau a permanent institution. (*Exeunt omnes*)."

## A JUBILANT MANAGER.

"Well, I for one can't complain of hard times." A *Mirror* reporter had just entered H. S. Taylor's office at Klaw and Erlanger's Theatrical Exchange to find that manager loling back comfortably in his chair. He had a genial smile on his countenance and looked in much better health than when he left the city to look after the fortunes of *A Dark Secret*.

"Yes, sir, I can't complain," reiterated Mr. Taylor. "The season of my play has been twenty per cent. better than it was last year, and the balance of the season will, I know, take care of itself. Charley Jefferson has the management of the company while I am here. We laid off only one week—Holy Week, and on May 13 we open in Boston for a season of eight weeks."

"Since I have opened my office here about ten days ago I have received no less than forty-five plays from such authors as Robert G. Morris, Charles Gayler, Scott Marble, James Herne and Inigo Tyrrell. Besides these there are the English plays, which Mr. Cobbe is continually arranging for the representation of, and altogether matters have a very bright outlook."

WILLIAM J. FLEMING closed his season of *Around the World in Eighty Days* on April 20, at Harrisburg, Pa.

## PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

J. H. CURTIN has been engaged as agent for John A. Stevens' Unknown company.

ZIG-ZAG comes to Niblo's Garden next week. It will probably do a big business while the city is filled with strangers.

CHARLES W. ALLISON is combining business with pleasure this week in Baltimore, where he is playing at Ford's Theatre and entertaining friends at his home in that city.

The professional friends of Lee Townsend and Ed. A. McArdle have tendered them a testimonial to take place at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on May 5.

JOHN E. MURPHY, the well-known Irish comedian, formerly of Murphy and Mack, died recently at the Stockton (Cal.) Insane Asylum, of paresis.

GEORGE M. WOOD's company is reported to have made a decided success in David Garrick, at Halifax, on Monday night before a large and fashionable audience.

The announcement is made that Messrs. Nixon and Zimmerman have purchased the Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia, from Herrmann, the magician.

E. SOLDENE POWELL, an English stage manager, has been engaged by David Henderson to superintend the production of *Blue Beard*, Jr., at the Opera House this summer.

The posters of Robert Elsmere, which comes to the Union Square next Monday night, announce that the play was "suggested" by Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel.

FRANK H. DOANE ended his engagement with the Mugg's Landing company last Saturday, and will appear in a low comedy part in *Extra Edition* on April 27, at Altoona, Pa.

SHERIDAN BLOCK has signed to play the Count Danville in Mr. Barnes of New York next season with Frank W. Sanger's road company. Emma Field has been secured for Enid.

MARCUS MEYER has signed as musical director for the Evans and Hoey Parlor Match company for next season. This will be Mr. Meyer's third year with that popular organization.

J. J. FITZSIMMONS, who has been in the company of the Florences during the past season, has been engaged for Wood's new Harlem Theatre, to act light comedy and boy parts.

PROCTOR'S TWENTY-THIRD STREET THEATRE, where Neil Burgess is playing in *The County Fair* was filled every night during Holy Week. The house is sold out for the coming two weeks.

HARRY HINE, manager of Hallen and Hart's Later On company, has engaged John T. Kelly and Annie Lewis for the next season of the piece, which opens in Chicago on August 25.

CHARLES MORTIMER has secured the right for *Only a Farmer's Daughter* for next year. The names of Louise Pomeroy and Agnes Herndon are mentioned as possible rivals for the position of star in the play.

ELMER E. VANCE of Columbus, O., has disposed of his play, *The Limited Mail*, to P. H. O'Connor through Winnett's Amusement Exchange. The piece possesses new and novel electric and mechanical effects.

E. H. SOUTHERN opened at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, on Monday night in *Lord Chumley*. Both play and player are reported to have made a hit. The receipts for the first week will amount, it is said, to \$10,000.

LEWIS MORRISON's production of *Faust* made a pronounced hit in Boston on Monday night. The audience is reported to have been intensely enthusiastic. Mr. Morrison was honored with double calls after each act.

HARRY MINER arrived from Detroit on Monday last, after having spent a week in that city. He announces the outlook of things for his theatre in that city as decidedly encouraging. The time is all booked away ahead.

KLAW AND ERLANGER have changed the title of Jessop and Teal's new play, *The Coston Light* to *The Great Metropolis*. They will produce it in this city next season, a run of eight weeks having already been secured.

MRS. HARRIET WEBB will introduce her pupil, R. Belle Campbell, at her annual concert, to take place at the Berkeley Lyceum on May 14. She will also be assisted by Miss Anna Bulkeley Hills, Lila Willis and the Balfe Glee Club.

ALICE VANE has signed with Spenser's Opera company for a summer season of comic opera, appearing in all leading contralto parts and opening at the Star Theatre, Buffalo, on June 17. For next season Miss Vane rejoins W. W. Tillotson's Zig-Zag.

The second regular meeting of the American Actors' Athletic Association will take place at the Bijou Theatre to-morrow (Thursday) afternoon. A number of life members have been secured. The Association starts out with every prospect of success.

THE Deshon Opera company closes its regular season in Norwich, Ct., on Saturday night, opening the summer season in Memphis, Tenn., on May 27. Herbert Mathews, Tom Ricketts and Victor De Lacey leave the company and sail for Europe on May 2.

EVIDENCES of Manager J. H. Mack's mastery of the shotgun reached *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR* last week in the shape of a box of snipe shot in Wayne County, Ohio. Col. John Bolus and Mr. Mack bagged fifty-six on Tuesday. They shot over the noted setters Prince of Kilbuck, Bonnie Belton and Clifford.

LUTIE MILLER, late of P. F. Baker's company, joined Harry Williams' Kindergarten company at Louisville last week, taking the part of Ivy Magee, in place of Kitty Hart. The famous character dancer, Blanche Boyer, also joined at the same time. The company opened to big business at the Standard Theatre, St. Louis, last week, both of the new members making hits. Manager Williams reports excellent business through the South. The season will not close until about the middle of June.



## LILIES OF EASTER.

Lift up, lift up your pure and pallid faces  
With the tomb's nard swoon heavy on your  
breath!

Sweet, oh, my lilies, sweet your tender grace is!  
So pale with the mute mystery of Death.

Lift up, lift up your pure and pallid faces  
To hide the cross of seven scarlet stains!  
Bloom and rejoice! Make glad the desert places,  
Because the Saviour lives again and reigns.

Lift up your petals, pallid, sweet perfection!  
Leap into life! Burst into snowy bloom!  
Sweet lilies, symbol of His resurrection  
Who breaks to-day the shackles of the tomb.

Bloom, oh, my lilies! Veil with beauty tender  
The broken cross, the empty conquered tomb.  
Give way, and Lent! Give way to Easter splendor!  
Death's sharpness Life's dear Lord hath over-  
come.

HELEN TEN BROECK.

## THE ACTRESSES' CORNER.

PHOTOGRAPHS, ETC.

Two or three years ago I went meekly into Palk's. All the way up stairs Kidders and Belle Archers and Langtrys and Urquharts smiled upon me, so I felt pretty small, freckled and pug-nosed, anyhow, by the time I reached the office.

There I was snubbed. There was no escaping that awful conviction, depressed as I was, too, by the pug nose, etc., already referred to. So I covered up the fact that I had intended requesting the artist to fix me on pasteboard, bought a picture of the beautiful Lily and slid out, glad to escape.

For all that, I realized a while ago that I must, pug and all, have some photographs and that, of course, meant Palk.

Some one else was in the office this time, and I made my appointment.

We, who have not Archer's eyes or Urquhart's profile or Lillian Russell's neck or—or—or—and so on, feel that we must be making a beauty photographer's life a burden to him, and I snoped around in front of the camera till, I am sure, Mr. Palk began to go mad.

Said he, with patience that suggested a Charlie Thorne-like suppressed emotion: "Don't feel so bad about it. Just *lose* yourself." I squirmed against the iron that gripped my shoulders and returned:

"Lose myself—with a stick in my back?"

"It will serve for identification," he remarked and I began to feel better.

The first thing I knew, I was doing what, since infancy, I had sworn I never would do—having a "beauty picture" taken. Oh, yes! Eyes rolled up and all—a Turkish towel draped on one shoulder and three hairs spraying over the other.

I gazed soulfully at the bridge of my nose and wondered how I looked.

Mr. Palk said I looked a little cross-eyed, and advised that I direct my attention to the outer ends of my eyebrows.

After one or two attempts, I got the combination.

At once a heavenly enthusiasm for the life to come pervaded me. I drew in a breath preparatory to bursting into, "Let me play on a harp at the great white throne," and click! the picture was taken.

I let go of the outer ends of my eyebrows, got my eyes in shape and asked faintly if I had been in a trance or anything.

The next day I was in a fever of anxiety to see that "beauty" proof.

Behold! It came! Oh, you would never have known your Polly! I didn't. I asked Mr. Palk, on the quiet, to let me into the secret, of these two beautiful triangular gleams of light that made my eyes, in the picture, seem ready to turn inside out.

He wrote there had been no monkeying with the negative, so I laid it to the outer ends of my eyebrows.

The first emotional part I get, I shall gaze steadfastly and unceasingly at the outer ends of my eyebrows even though I make my sight knock-kneed thereby.

To the girl who is really beautiful, make up or Palk's pictures can hardly be the satisfaction, they are to Miss Plain Ordinary.

Miss Plain Ordinary looks in the glass before going on the stage and rejoices in eyes twice as big as she sees in the daytime—well curved brows and lips—soft peachy color and hair arranged with becoming care it never gets by day. The girl who has big eyes, etc., etc., must get awfully *blat* and miss the throb of satisfaction Miss P. O. gets.

So, too, when a girl who isn't a bit soulful, who does not get dreamy or soaring or exalted, but who always takes her hat off to people who can and do—when she gets to looking at the outer end of her eyebrows, and sees the result brought out on a beautifully finished card, she gets a sensation that beats entirely that of taking her hat off to other people, or that which sweet Clayton can feel when she looks to see if her photograph does her justice.

Of course Palk, Sarony, and the rest cost something, so here is a suggestion: Photograph apparatus has been perfected wonderfully of late. Some of the small town "artists" finish their pictures beautifully, also some of them have a bit of artistic instinct about light and pose.

Such are usually delighted to get hold of a sitter who knows how to hold a position. He will be only too glad to take as many pictures

of you as you will permit, and will be eternally grateful if you will give him a chance at you in some of your costumes. He will take infinite pains, and you won't feel so no-account as you are apt to with a photographer like Falk, and will, therefore, do yourself better justice, perhaps, in natural pose and expression.

The country artist will be glad to send you finished samples of all he takes, and you may find two or three that are really very good, and they will cost you from \$2 to \$3 a dozen, which is a consideration, for we all have to have photographs, and we are not all rich, and Mr. City Artist does not send for Miss Plain Ordinary and request the honor of a sitting from her.

I had some photographs taken at Elliot and Fry's, in London.

The place is very swell, and they treated me with much contempt.

I happened to have a Worth dress, the bodice of which I brought to be taken in.

The artist admired the bodice tremendously, and made me feel that he much regretted not having a better looking girl in it.

In my Elliot and Fry picture, I wear the best view of the bodice and an expression of saddened introspection.

It is odd that we who are more or less used on the stage to hundreds of eyes (if business is good) upon us, get self-conscious at once in view of a camera.

Indeed, one is less effected by a theatre full of eyes than by the attention of the hand-full of admiring friends, gathered about us by some special dear friend who has inveigled us to a little Sunday tea when "there will positively be nobody, my dear," and who, when she has us there helpless, makes us feel that she will be miserable if we don't get up and show off and do "Curfew," or "Good, brave-hearted, daring Annie O'Neil," tra la! for them.

Why, I have seen a staunch old actor at a Christmas dinner given by our star, when called upon for a recitation, get all red and scared to death, though he would only be speaking before those with whom he played every night.

I really believe self-conscious awkwardness and misery is less likely to confound us on the stage than it is in many less crowded places, a dining-room for instance. We march in, the dust of four weeks of night-stands upon us, and we have given ourselves a treat, and gone to the best hotel, and it is really a good one.

The room is full. Mr. Head Waiter is way at the other end. We stand uncertain, there is no feeling like ours, just then, on the stage, unless it be when the curtain sticks and we have to hold a tableau after the spirit of the scene is all over.

I have had girls, graceful, self-possessed and capable before a full house, confess they prefer a first night to a crowded dining-room, and there are those who can call up what passion they will for a part, but get panic-struck when a photographer says, "Look pleasant."

Now to leave photographs and come to "etc."

We have all suffered and sworn over the loss of a shoe-horn, haven't we?

I was struggling with a tight, low shoe the other night and calling upon the spirit of my dead and gone relatives, to keep me from profanity and a stage-wait, when one of the ladies in the room unfolded to me the beautiful truth that the corner of a towel inserted in the shoe as a shoe-horn would serve me. That's worth knowing, isn't it?

Also I have gathered unto myself some other facts for you. Indigestion and the pains attendant yield to a dose of common table salt before each meal. As much salt as the end of a dinner knife will hold is the dose. Salt is always available and always on the table, ready, so there is small excuse for you if you can't follow up the treatment.

It has been tried over and over again with success, so I am told. For myself I have not tested it, being one of those blessed with a digestion which stood slate-pencil dust and licorice water in my youth and now keeps its own with late suppers, irregular meals and on-the-road fare.

Also, be it magic, medicine or imagination, a basin or bucket of water put under the bed will stop night sweats—don't you laugh! If you have them you go and do it. My hair stood right up on end when the thing was tried in the company and succeeded. I think it's spirits, but, whatever it is, it suffices, so it is averred, in every case.

I have also a recipe for taking at the first hint of a cold:

Sesquicarbonate of ammonia.....10 grains  
Compound tincture of cardamoms.....4 drachms  
Compound infusion of gentian.....3 ounces  
Spirits of chloroform.....3 drachms  
Peppermint water to.....3 ounces

Take a teaspoonful in a wine glass of water three times a day two hours after food.

Warts can be cured by touching them two or three times a day with a bone crochet needle dipped in aromatic vinegar. If this should fail, they may be touched with a pencil of lunar caustic or strong acetic acid. Unless the wart is ostentatiously ugly, however, just leave it alone. Remember we are more conscious of such things about ourselves than other people are. If we could "see ourselves

as others see us" we would probably find warts, freckles, pug noses, etc., less conspicuous than we have imagined.

I hear also from good authority that sulphur is an excellent remedy for rheumatism. Wear woolen underwear and dust the side next the skin with flower of sulphur.

A while ago, I had my feelings badly hurt by some one who, among a lot of nice things said about Polly, suggested that I was not very much in earnest about recipes.

Don't you believe it! I am. It is true enough that if we lead regular lives, bathe regularly, have pure air always and take good food and plenty of exercise, we are not likely to need to fall back on sulphur and salt and hair-wash and skin cures; but, unfortunately, we can't all live regular lives, and therefore sulphur, salt and the rest of it may come in very well.

It is certainly better to resort to some simple remedy than rush to a patent medicine, which cures such a lot of things that when we take it for dyspepsia we have need to fear it will go hustling around our constitution for consumption.

In a week or so I shall be turned loose in the fields, and, I suppose, unable to write anything but how the grass grows, and as the season advances, how to cure cramps from too many currants and gooseberries.

There are more days in the weeks at the end of a season than the law allows, aren't there?

POLLY.

## LOIE FULLER'S WEST INDIAN TRIP.

William Morris and Loie Fuller have arrived in this city from the West Indies. A Minnion representative saw them yesterday. At the Coleman House, which Mr. Morris is making his headquarters at present, the reporter was shown a number of flattering press notices from the press of Jamaica and other places. The following account of the trip was given by the juvenile actor:

"We opened our season in Kingston on Jan. 15 at the Theatre Royal, appearing in a repertoire of popular plays to good business for the first few weeks. Sometime in February one of the members of the organization became ill, and the others followed, one by one, until they were almost all down in bed. This crippled the company and our honors began to fall off. I had to ask them when I could play, and we were not able to perform more than once a week, when I had counted upon playing at least three times. Miss Fuller had made a great success as Rosalind, Lady Teazle, Juliet and Ophelia, whilst her Serpolette in The Chimes of Normandy was considered equal to that of Kate Monroe. Under these circumstances, it seemed a shame to discontinue, but what was one to do?"

"At last I made an arrangement with the company, by which they were to await my return from New York, the company playing in the meanwhile. After we had left, however, the company thought they couldn't make more by playing for themselves, in spite of the previous contract, and they formed a company on the Commonwealth plan. In consequence of this action on their part, I determined that they had forfeited their contract with me. I leave this city with a new company for Chili, South America, as soon as arrangements can be completed. As for the other organization, our agent will sail for Kingston in a few days to settle all the affairs of the company and bring the people back."

"The company that we are to take to South America will include twenty-five people, and they will be engaged with the idea of playing either drama or opera. Miss Fuller and I returned from the West Indies by way of New Orleans, and while in the latter city signed a contract of five years' duration, with a well-known New York capitalist."

## MISS BARRY'S STRATAGEM.

Some curiosity has been evinced as to the identity of the adapter of Scribe's *Bataille des Dames*, which Helen Barry is presenting at the Union Square Theatre under the title, *A Woman's Stratagem*.

Little of Scribe's work, beyond the groundwork, remains intact. The dialogue is altered more than would be possible in a fair and square attempt by a competent dramatic writer to transfer the piece from French to English, and retain the brisk and clever features that distinguish the original.

There is very little of Scribe in *A Woman's Stratagem*, and a good deal of somebody else. Who that somebody is neither the playbills nor those concerned in the production announce.

It is probably Miss Barry's proverbial modesty that has prevented her from disclosing the fact that she herself arranged *A Woman's Stratagem*—not from Scribe's *Bataille des Dames* direct, but from Palgrave Simpson's old adaptation of the piece, known to English playgoers as *The Ladies' Battle*. Hence the dissimilarity between the original work and the second-hand copy.

VICTORY BATEMAN has been secured for the Little Lord Fauntleroy (Eastern) company.

## GOSSIP OF THE TOWN.

The Said Pasha Concert company will give a concert at Niblo's on Sunday night.

SIG. NOVARA, the basso, has been engaged to support Mme. Patti during her coming operatic tour in this country.

ALDRICH KNIGHT, of C. B. Palmer's Danites company, is winning praise from the press of Pennsylvania for his work as Sandy.

L. W. SRAVEY has leased an office in Klaw and Erlanger's Theatrical Exchange, and will have his headquarters there hereafter.

ANNA BELMONT has been engaged for the Beacon Lights company, in place of Gracie Emmett, who is suffering from blood poisoning in the arm.

The sale of seats for the engagement of the Rosina Vokes Comedy company, at Daly's Theatre, opened yesterday (Tuesday) morning at that house.

ALICE BROWN, daughter of Mrs. Sol Smith, will act as the director of the Hamilton House and cottages at Stamford, Conn., during the coming Summer.

S. H. FRIEDLANDER, the general representative of P. Harris' theatres, has succeeded the late B. H. Grover as manager of Harris' Pittsburgh theatre.

WILLIAM H. CRANE will produce a new play by Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop next season. It will deal with some American tourists in Europe.

RUDELPH ARONSON's new march, "Washington," which was composed expressly for the occasion, will be played at the Casino for the first time on next Tuesday evening.

W. D. MANN will manage Evans and Hoey in *A Parlor Match* next season, opening at Helena, Montana, on July 29. All three will sail for Europe on the *City of Paris* on June 12.

FRANK LOSEF and Marion Elmore have been engaged for the Stowaway company for next season. The tour opens in Philadelphia about the middle of August and extends to San Francisco.

SIGNOR CAMPANINI and a concert company, comprising Signor del Puente, Signorina De Vere, Madame Russell and others, will give a patriotic concert at the Academy of Music on next Sunday evening.

A foot match for the championship of the theatrical profession will be played by Burr McIntosh and Sydney Drew, to-morrow (Thursday) evening in this city. Robert C. Hilliard will act as referee.

PERRY PLUNKETT of Lizzie Evans' company will produce his new comedy *Life in Jersey*, for the first time, at Red Bank, N. J., early next month. The performance will be for the benefit of the Red Bank Base Ball Club.

MESSRS. CLARKE, LIEBERMAN AND CO., managers of the melodramatic production for next season, *Guilty Without Crime*, in which Doré Davidson and Ramie Austin will star, are sparing no expense to insure the prosperity of the tour.

KATE HOWARD, leading lady of Joseph D. Clifton's Ranch King company, was married recently to Lionel E. Lawrence, late of Doré Davidson's company. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence will remain with the company the rest of the season.

JENNIE WILLIAMS has been engaged by Thatcher, Primrose and West for the farce-comedy, *Up to the Times*, which had its premier at Plainfield, N. J., on last Monday night, and will be presented in Boston on next Monday.

STRUCK GAS, under the management of E. D. Tannehill and John Ryley, will open its season at Albany on next Monday night. The company comprises Bessie Tannehill, Mountjoy Walker, Dan J. Hart, Harry Martin, Elsie La Mere, Mr. Scott, Simcoe Lee and Humphries Moryhan.

The Electra of Sophocles will be presented by the students of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, to-morrow (Thursday) evening, with the same cast, scenery and accessories as originally produced at the Lyceum Theatre in this city last month.

A. H. WOOD has altered the plans of his new West End Theatre so that it will include a handsome roof garden 80x100 feet. This will allow of the theatre being kept open all Summer and the change adds much to the architectural beauty of the house. The corner stone of the edifice will be laid on May 6, with appropriate ceremonies.

A BENEFIT for the Confederate Soldiers' Home in Texas will be given at Palmer's Theatre on May 16, when Howard Carroll's four-act comedy-drama, *The American Countess*, will be presented. Among those who will appear are Julia Wheeler, Agnes Stone, Virginia Buchanan, Marie Leick, E. J. Henley, Frank Carlyle, Charles Dickson, William Herbert, John Kellard and others.

J. F. CONKLING, manager of the Minneapolis Opera House, has made arrangements to put the melodrama by H. M. Reid, entitled *An Ex-Convict*, on the road for six weeks, commencing in Minneapolis on May 20. The company will probably consist, among others, of Agnes Herndon, Alice Haines, Annie Haines, T. D. Frawley, Harry Tansy, George Roberts and Charles Bradshaw.

The country newspapers, for fully 200 miles about this city, are beginning to bristle with long accounts of Bartholomew's Equine Paradox which will occupy the Academy of Music for three months, at the conclusion of the season of Denman Thompson in *The Old Homestead*. This is pleasing evidence of Manager John D. Musher's able management and Alexander Comstock's hard work after his vacation.

MRS. E. L. FERNANDEZ has been engaged by the Centennial Committee to supply them with 340 people—men, women and children—to be used during the celebration. These people will represent characters in Wagner's operas, the Seven Muses, and other scenes. Mrs. Fernandez herself was invited to appear as *The Little Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe*, to be surrounded by some 200 theatrical children, but she modestly declined.



## MAID MARIAN.

Maid Marian's lips, Maid Marian's eyes,  
Invite, repulse, then lure again;  
Maid Marian's laugh, Maid Marian's sighs  
Were made to captivate the men.  
Her arms entangle like a net  
Our effervescent hearts, and yet  
We court the witchcraft of her smiles  
And brave the treach'ry of her wiles—  
Maid Marian is a sad coquette!

"Maid Marian, shame! Maid Marian, fie!"  
We cry, exclaim, and likewise shout;  
"Maid Marian whence, Maid Marian why  
These cruel pains that find us out?  
Our cheeks with saline tears are wet,  
Beneath the yoke we groan and sweat;  
You call us here, you drive us there,  
Poor, wretched slaves, you do not care—  
Maid Marian, you're a sad coquette!"

Maid Marian lists, Maid Marian parts  
Her lips, and shakes her gold-crowned head,  
Maid Marian smiles, Maid Marian darts  
One glance—'twould resurrect the dead!  
And then we one and all forget  
Rebellious thoughts, and haste to set  
About the task we know full well  
Is hopeless; but we're in the spell—  
Maid Marian is a sad coquette.

Maid Marian says, Maid Marian thinks  
That men are quite her lawful prey;  
Maid Marian jests, Maid Marian drinks  
The joys her reign affords to-day.  
But Time will age this dragonet,  
Her slaves will fly, without regret  
To other service, other scenes;  
They'll wear the chains of younger queens—  
Maid Marian is a sad coquette!

CALIBAN.

## LONDON NEWS AND GOSSIP.

APRIL 11, 1889.

Only one novelty has been turned on this week for the amusement of the matineers and professional deadheads generally. This was at the Vaudeville on Tuesday, when the comedy-drama entitled *My Queenie*, by H. W. Williamson, was sampled by a very friendly audience. Williamson has written many pieces for the stage, mostly of an unpretentious kind. His comedy-drama, *Retiring*, produced at the Folly ten years ago, is his best known and most successful effort. He is a man of some good dramatic ideas, but his method of working them out is not entirely to be recommended, and his fondness for "fine writing" often makes his serious dialogue unintentionally humorous.

*My Queenie* has a pretty little story to recommend her—somewhat thin, perhaps, and more than somewhat conventional, but pretty, what there is of it. *Queenie* is an ingenue-heroine who was wrecked off the coast of Scarborough when a baby. She, the sole survivor, was saved by an honest boatman and brought up as his own child. How *Queenie* is betrothed to a baronet's son for whom his father has made other arrangements; how the villain of the piece (who has opportunely discovered that *Queenie* is the daughter of a real, live, or, rather, dead lord) utilizes his knowledge in order to make her his very own; and how the villain's schemes are brought to nought by the intervention of a worthy Frenchwoman, whose daughter he (the villain) seduced and abandoned in Paris and the long ago, need not here be gone into in detail. It is enough to say that eventually all comes right, and when the curtain falls there is good hope of *Queenie* being speedily united to the baronet's son of her choice. But ere this takes place some rather fantastic things in the way of low comedy are done in the Casino Gardens at Boulogne and elsewhere.

Williamson is very popular with the Strand boys and in minor club land generally. His friends rallied round nobly on this occasion, and gave him both a hearty call and enthusiastic reception, when he responded to it. But for all that, I am afraid there is no money in *My Queenie*. The cast was fairly good, and even in the disappointments—and in at least three cases, Williamson was at the last moment obliged to be content with substitutes—there was little to find fault with. Miss Eleanor Leyshon, who played the name part, is a handsome young lady with a winning, sympathetic manner. She scored. Frank Gilmore as the lover, W. Hargreaves as the honest boatman, Susie Vaughan as an aristocratic aunt and Dolores Drummond as the useful Frenchwoman, all did well. The best played part in the piece was, perhaps, that of the honest boatman's old mother, who was represented by Miss Fanny Robertson with an amount of pathetic realism such as is rarely seen in a character of the kind. Arthur Bernard also deserves credit for the way in which he played a difficult character part at only twenty-four hours' notice.

The decision given on Monday in the theatrical libel case, *Barnes vs. Ledger*, was of a character calculated to make all self-respecting newspaper men sit up and snort. Barnes is the conductor of the "Anglo-American" Dancing Troupe, who performed the ballet called *The Follet* at the opening of the Brighton Alhambra, on Oct. 29, last year. Ledger is the proprietor of the *Era*, a London theatrical paper, the name of which is probably familiar to most Mirror readers. In its issue, following the date above referred

to, the defendant, in speaking of the plaintiffs' dance, described it as a can-can of the most outrageous character, "and a brazen infraction of the rules of decency." There was no suggestion of malice or that the criticism was other than a bona-fide expression of defendant's judgment. Moreover, he produced in support of his criticism many witnesses whose judgment agreed with his own. Mr. Justice Field, who tried the case, summed up dead against the defendant and the jury—as is not unusual in such cases—gave their verdict for the plaintiff. What is more, they also gave him £300 damages, which defendant will have to pay, together with all costs of the suit.

There has, for some time past, been a tendency on the part of our Bench to give our newspapers beans whenever, and wherever, such donation is practicable. Of course everybody knows that the judges of England are without fear and without reproach and that whatever they do is done by them because they honestly believe it to be the right and proper thing to do under the circumstances. All of which is of course very soothing, except to newspaper editors, who are in the habit of expressing a free and independent opinion. It is a moot point perhaps whether a free and independent press is a necessity of modern English civilization. Justice Field evidently thinks not, for in delivering judgment he expressed his opinion that "the press must be kept in order—otherwise it might be apt to consider itself irresponsible." I suppose it would be libellous to say what I think of this utterance, so I will content myself by thinking what I would say—if I might. It would fill a long column—and blue ink would be absolutely necessary to print it.

In to-day's papers, proceedings in three theatrical bankruptcies are reported. No. 1 is *re H. B. Coulson*, whom kind friends in front know best by his stage name of *Conway*. Some time back Conway went into management on his own account and had bad luck. At the end of a year he had lost all his capital and had incurred about £2,500 of liabilities; assets *nil*. Conway's creditors have now agreed to accept a composition of 5s. in the pound, payable by instalments out of his future earnings. He is at present getting £30 a week on tour.

No. 2 is the case of A. H. and F. G. Darbishire. The "A. H." in this connection is the wife of the "F. G." and she is professionally known as Agnes Hewitt. Their unsecured liabilities are about £6,500, and their assets the same as Conway's. Agnes' trouble came of leasing the Olympic Theatre. She says she had £3,500 of capital when she started, and that she lost about £150 per week during the five weeks she ran The Golden Band, and £200 per week during her subsequent production, *The Pointsman*. Then she went on tour and was again unfortunate. Agnes has always been good and kind to her companies, and much sympathy is expressed for her in her present embarrassments, which are really and truly the result of bad luck. I am glad to say that the Registrar allowed these debtors to "pass."

No. 3 is *re James East*, who is a son of Quartermaine East, a well known citizen and licensed victualler of London. James held the Queen's commission for some years, but in January, 1888, he pinned for higher society and went on the stage. He subsequently invested about £500 (given him by a friend) in a theatrical speculation, which was unsuccessful. His present liabilities are £1,600, of which £1,500 is unsecured. But, unlike Conway and Darbishires, East has got assets. Oh, yes! He has got "household furniture, valued at £3" which is, however, subject to a claim for rent. James was in Sophie Eyre's company when she had the Gaiety. He attributes his insolvency to loss, in respect of the speculation above mentioned, to liabilities on accommodation bills, to his personal expenses having exceeded his income, principally while he was in the army, and to costs of divorce proceedings in which he was a co-respondent. Oh, we are a merry family, we are! James' "first meeting" is appointed for April 16.

What with divorce, bankruptcy and libel suits the poor players have kept "the beaks" pretty busy this week. But, alas, they have also come within the purview of "crown's quest law." The theatrical murder and suicide of Monday last has been the talk of the town. The tragedy took place in a little house up Haverstock Hillway. The victim was a bright, pretty, accomplished girl, who, under the name of Marie de Braham, had gained some popularity in burlesque at the Avenue, and a good deal more in the same line of business in the provinces. Unfortunately this was not the only line of business she went in for. She formed a connection with a fellow called Goldsmith Hunt, an ex-officer in a crack cavalry regiment, who appears to have been a thoroughly bad egg. By Hunt she had one child, and by somebody else she had two. She is said to have wished to break with Hunt,

but he was not to be shaken off. Anyhow, she was to bring the child to see him. She came, but without the child. They quarrelled, and he drew a revolver and shot her dead, after which he shot himself. He was eight-and-twenty and she was twenty-four.

GAWAIN.

## THE PIRATES ACTIVE.

The approaching close of the season by legitimate companies, playing at regular prices, appears to be drawing the pirates from cover, just as the increasing heat of the sun draws reptiles out of their holes at this time of the year. The jackals and camp-followers of the profession, who literally, in many cases, rob the dead as well as the living, are extending the territory of their marauding operations as the Summer solstice is nearing and pedestrianism is easier.

The crew this week is larger than that of last week. Managers Spooner and Page, of the Levy Opera House at Charlottesville, Va., are foes to pirates. These gentlemen send THE MIRROR the appended letter which was mailed to them:

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., April 12, 1889.  
Manager of Levy Opera House, Charlottesville, Va.

DEAR SIR:—Have you the week open commencing Oct. 26, '92. If so, what are the best terms you can offer the Ely Stock company to play your theatre on those dates? Will share or rent; prefer a reasonable rent. If you prefer to share, please state what newspaper advertising you will furnish, and how many musicians in orchestra.

Respectfully yours, S. G. ELY.

THE MIRROR tenders its thanks to Managers Spooner and Page for their promptness in reporting the Ely Stock company. They have the following repertoire: *Pygmalion and Galatea*, *The King's Guardsmen*, *Engaged*, *The Danites*, *Colleen Bawn*, *Tom Sawyer the Bad Boy*, *Camille*, *Uncle Josh*, *At His Mercy*, *Lady of Lyons*, *A Strange Marriage*, *Two Orphans*, *In a Fix*, *East Lynne* and *Milky White*. The Ely Stock company played at Tyrone, Pa., last week and are at Allentown, Pa., this week. This company has bogus press notices on its circulars.

The Riley Dramatic company is now presenting the following stolen plays in Ohio: *Passion's Slave*, *Queenie*, *Only a Farmer's Daughter* and *Lynwood*.

The Garvin Dramatic company is invading Washington Territory with a stolen repertoire comprising *A Wife's Honor*, *Passion's Slave*, *Sam'l of Posen*, *Under the Gaslight*, *A Night Off* and *Only a Farmer's Daughter*. O. C. Garvin is proprietor and W. R. Musgot manager of this gang.

The Clair Patee company appeared at Plattsmouth, Neb., last week in *Queenie*, *A Night Off* (under the title of *An Evening Out*), *The Martyr* and *Widow Bedott*.

The Waite Comedy company played a two weeks' stand at Hudson, N. Y., during the past fortnight. They presented *Pique*, *The French Spy*, *Lynwood*, *Led Astray*, *The New Danites* and *A Rough Diamond*. The manager of the Waite company in conversation with Mr. J. G. Aldcroft, the correspondent for THE DRAMATIC MIRROR, made the following suggestive remark: "We have no use for THE DRAMATIC MIRROR." Mr. Aldcroft witnessed a performance of the company in *Pique*. The sentiment of the manager of the Waite Comedy company will find a responsive echo in the breasts of nearly if not quite all of the pirate organizations.

The Gilbert-Huntley company played in Fort Worth, Texas, last week, in *Marble Heart*, *May Blossom*, *Rosedale* and *Lynwood*.

The Criterion Comedy company presented *The Galley Slave*, *A Wife's Temptation*, *The Queen's Peril* and *Rex*, at Corning, N. Y., last week. THE MIRROR, two weeks ago, brought this company to bay for their alleged use of the lithographs of *Two Tramps* (Chapman and Sellers) and John F. Ward's *The Doctor*. They cover up these names with date lines. In regard to the charge of having stolen "paper" as well as stolen plays, the Criterion Comedy company, like the Waite company, appears to "have no use for THE DRAMATIC MIRROR."

THE MIRROR paid its respects to Palmer's Comedy company last week, when they were presenting *The Two Orphans* and *My Geraldine* in Pennsylvania. During the week ending April 13, Palmer's Comedy company appeared at the Grand Opera House at Wheeling, W. Va., in *The Danites*. The programme on that occasion had the following note: "Charles B. Palmer, manager of this company, is the sole owner of the copyright of this great play, which is sufficient guarantee that it will be produced in its entirety. Miss Cody, in her great impersonation of Billy Piper, is without an equal."

The following letter from Inigo Tyrnell is self-explanatory.

NEW YORK, April 17, 1889.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:—Sir:—As a subscriber to your valuable paper for the last ten years from different quarters of the globe to say nothing of the sense of right I know you to possess regarding the rights of personal property, from the hands of the "Annexer," I would request you to make known the following. Last week, on my arrival from the West, I was informed that the title of my play, *My Natural Life*, was being displayed in Paterson, N. J., by unauthorized parties to advertise a surreptitious production for week of 15. Of my ownership of this title the afore-said party could not help being cognizant, as he played the week anterior to me at the Ninth Street

Theatre, Kansas City. The proceeding, to say the least of it, is strange, unless it was conveniently imagined that novel and title were public property. That this is a fallacy I will forthwith demonstrate by making known that all rights are invested in myself. Prior to my leaving Australia, and during first week of my run at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, I took the precaution to secure the drama in scenes, dialogue and title at Washington. I am, sir, respectfully yours, INIGO TYRSELL, Australian Dramatist and Comedian.

The following letter has been received from W. C. Holden, manager of the Ethel Tucker company:

SHENANDOAH, Pa., April 18, 1889.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Mirror:—Sir:—I see in your last issue that you have classed Miss Ethel Tucker as a pirate. In regard to *May Blossom* I refer you to Mr. Gustave Frohman. The other plays we are not doing. I am not aware that *Leah* is a copyrighted play as there are several versions on the market; one—Augustin Daly's—can be obtained for fifteen cents. However, we are not doing it. I have also added *The Strangers of Paris* to my repertoire, and I am now negotiating with Mr. Frohman for a new play for next season. In regard to *The Danites*, Miss Tucker and I were both with Mr. Rankin last Summer during his Western tour and did him a few favors, in return for which he told us we might use *The Danites*, consequently we have played it on three or four different occasions. However, if Mr. Rankin has any objections, let him speak now. As you have without my knowledge published the item referred to, please do me the justice of inserting the above and believe me, Yours truly, W. C. HOLDEN, Manager Ethel Tucker.

## THE HANDGLASS.

A rumor reaches us from over the bridge, that a certain well-known athletic divine of the Delsarte school, is to preach from a revolving stage next season, and that the auditorium pews are to be fitted up with drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot-for-the-heathen-and-take-out-a-hymn-book machines.

Marshall P. Wilder should speedily produce a companion hymnal to his "Men I Have Smiled With," and entitle it, "Men Who Have Smiled with Me;" otherwise he is open to a grave suspicion, which it will take protracted and expensive argument to dispel, even from the minds of his best friends.

Here is the way our Western correspondence reads nowadays: "The Fat Men's Club played to good business all last week. The Rev. Dr. Know-it-All is delighting large audiences at the Grand Opera House, with his popular lecture, 'Heaven and How to Get There,' and is billed to the 15th. Next week, *Straight Variety*."

He was such a charming boy,  
Just like little Panterley,  
And his mother dressed him in the sweetest way,  
With a Tam o' Shanter hat and a baby-blue cravat,  
Then let him out upon the street to play.  
But his previous elder brother  
Came and broke it to his mother,  
That he heard him on that very selfsame day,  
Tell the little boy next door, that with him he'd wipe  
the floor;  
At least, that's what the Dickie birdies say!

Did you ever hear of the Leadville girl who manipulated the kitchen utensils in one of the Delmonico's of the West? She was stage struck in the worst way and after sparring for an opening for about six months, the opera house manager, in desperation, made her the offer of a position as "helper" to the woman who cleaned out the theatre daily, after the ravages of the drama-loving Leadvillians. To his surprise she accepted, and was put to work scrubbing the stage, and kept it up for some time until the manager had forgotten all about her dramatic aspirations. She hadn't, though, and she tackled him one day, brush in hand, and asked in deep Hendersonian tones: "Do you think I will ever have a chance to rise, Mr. D?"

Mr. D., who didn't catch the idea at all, eyed her for a moment, and then answered encouragingly: "Rise? Oh, yes, my dear, you're getting along very nicely now, and after a while, no doubt, Mrs. Smith will let you scrub the gallery."

A New York dramatic critic describes Fanny Rice in *Nadja* as a black-legged little creature disguised as a pen-wiper.

Somebody mixed indelible red ink with Digby Bell's make-up the other night, and circumstances over which he has no control, will compel him to go around for a few brief beautiful weeks with a nose like a cactus blossom. He sent the following touching missive the day after the casualty:

Friend Hopper:  
I will see you later. Keep all dates open. A joke is a joke, but to hit a man on the head with a brick and say "Tag!" is no joke. Your true friend,  
Digby Bell.

A fresh young man burst into Harry Miner's office last Wednesday with blood in his eye, and found that individual in charge smoking contentedly a fragrant perfecto. He objected strongly to the amount of a bill for programme advertising, and did not know that the unruffled smoker who took him in such a maddeningly quiet way was the Great Mogul himself. At last he lost all patience.

"Well, I'll see Mr. Miner about this. Where is he? I want to see some one a blushed sight higher than you, that's certain. Who can I see higher than you around here?"

"God," answered Miner, pointing reverently ceiling-wards with his cigar, "is the only one higher than I, young man, around this office."



## STAGE STORIES.

## A LEFT-HANDED ROMANCE.

BY CORA.

The moving of the train dragged his clinging fingers from my hand. I got a last flash of a white, tortured face, and I was out and away in the night toward Liverpool.

I dropped back on the seat and wiped my forehead. It had been a sharp fight. It was over and I had escaped. Many and many a time during the past week I had nearly given up, but there I was at last on my way home, and safe, to thank heaven I had stuck to the wise side of the question.

It seemed downright heartless and ungrateful to be so happy—the comforting thought that I could not possibly see him again now, while the same thought I knew was dragging him down into aching misery.

I wondered sadly if I could hope to be fortunate enough to make the man I might some day care for love me as this man I had just left loved me.

What a strange, half pitiful thing it was—to hold a great, strong man's heart in one's hand. There was no fun in it. I wondered where coquettes got their amusement out of such situations. I had been in genuine pain at the torture I had caused.

To be sure I was not to blame, but it was just as hard to know that, though I had not meant it, I had made the man miserable.

Then I laughed softly. What a time I had had the evening before. Suppose the strain of pity and regret had been too much. Suppose I had given up and put on my bonnet and gone out and been married. Heavens! and I had been near enough to doing it! It had really seemed a small thing to do for him when he suffered so.

Now that I remembered, I wondered how ever I had held so closely to my first resolve. "Only give me the smallest hope," he had said, "the smallest hope that you may care for me ever. I will ask no more—only that. I will wait as long as you choose if only I may look forward to the time when I may make you care more." And I had answered just as gently as I could that I knew, as well as I knew the stars shone, that never, never, never would come into my heart the least touch more of warmth for him than I felt that moment.

He had gone down as if under a blow. It's a horrible thing to see a man struck so by one's own hand. It's a grotesque position to be in that makes one feel older and stronger and more sure than a man who loves one.

I had lain my hand on his bowed head and begged that I was very, very sorry. "You see, you should not have loved me at all," I said. "It was awfully foolish and mad of you to love a girl like me, who has no heart. Maybe you don't believe it, but you have made me feel so sorry for you that I have tried as hard as I know how to get up an answer in my heart for you, but—that was an unfortunate remark—I should have known better."

When I struggled free from his rush of emotion I gasped hurriedly. "Why don't you wait till I get through? But I couldn't and I can't and I never shall." I felt the least bit cross—one does not like to be grabbed up off one's feet and almost kissed when there is no occasion for it.

Then I felt sorry again, because he dropped into heartlessness and called himself a brute. "I only told you that," I said, feeling I owed him some apology for the break of impulse I had caused him. "I only told you that so that you might see how perfectly hopeless it is—not only do I not find any love in my heart for you, but it won't come though I have tried to please you by putting it there."

He got gray around the mouth, he told me all I was to him—how I filled his life—how loneliness had gone out of it at the coming of thought of me. It was rather forbore!

Besides, it, of course, was harder on him being just youth. Then, too, with the only romance of his life so sadly ended long ago. I thought of the young wife who had died long ago—there was the worn wedding-ring on his finger now! How things go out of one's lives! I wondered if he would expect me to wear that ring if I married him.

I got a cold chill up my back. Marriage had never seemed so frightfully imminent before. I got up and drank a glass of water.

No, I could not do it! It would not be right; besides the very pity which would be making me do it would only be making for itself more cause for pity for him later on, because I should certainly drown myself or murder him if ever I should wake up some fine morning and remember I was married to him.

No, friendship and all that was very well, but it must not carry one too far, and it certainly would be too far if I married him for it.

If I would not do that, he went on huskily, would I not give him some smallest claim—that when I went away he might not feel he had no hold, no hold on me.

No, no, no, I had shouted in a panic, remembering that once I got back home, that brown-haired god, who, I knew, didn't care a button for me, might possibly turn up some-where, and say "good day" to me or some-

little tender thing like that. It would be horrible to feel one's heart bound up at a brown-haired, turquoise-eyed, silver-voiced, (ah me!) god's "good day," and know that this grave, earnest chap at the other end of the world, had a "hold" on one.

No! I was adamant there. To be sure I had thought I might go out, and marry him since he wanted; I was going to take the train in a few hours; it would not make any difference much, and I did want to please him. It would not amount to any thing after I was away. I should have done what he wanted, and so be free, there was divorce, of course, but to leave him a "hold" on me for the future—heavens!

I was getting worn out with the fight. A man is so strong, and they have no mercy on a girl. They don't seem to realize or care that the mere fact that they look at us so we know we are any moment liable to be crushed in their arms is very wearing.

Well! well! Why bother about it more? I was off and away, and except for wishing he wasn't so miserable—happy.

I wished he had not kissed me, though. If there is anything in the world a girl should not do, it is to let a man kiss her when she does not want him to. Want him to? I wondered how it felt, anyhow, to want a person to kiss one—rather nice, I supposed. As for me, I might as well make up my mind that if ever I should want anyone to kiss me—they wouldn't want to.

Now, what on earth had this man wanted to kiss me for? But he had—he had looked so miserable and then when he simply took my hand and said "Good bye" in a dazed sort of way I gave up, stupid, of course! He might have begged black and blue, I never should have done it, but that humble quiet had finished me, and I had said as bravely as I could, "You may kiss me if you like."

It makes me ashamed of myself to control a man's mood so. His face had lightened up into a glory.

"Darling, may I?" he had cried, not sure. Of course he would misunderstand—but there was no use explaining. The tears came up in my eyes that a man should be so stupid as that also. I was going to have to go through it. I just said without moving and in a voice I could not help sounding miserable: "Yes, you may, if you like."

He got gray again but stooped and kissed me on my lips. I never shrunk back the least bit, but I felt as if I had certainly done enough for him then to quit everything. I felt quite cheerful from that thought.

"Now you see," said I brightly, "that I try to please you just as far as I can, don't you? and that I do not want to be heartless or unkind to you." All the reward I got was a great groan.

I had thought the train was going that moment, but it didn't for some time. When it started really he kissed me again. I did not have so much to do with it that time. It was rather tremendous to be treated so, but it was over, it could not happen again. "Good-bye, good-bye, don't feel bad; just forget. It is easy if you put your mind to it. I know it! Please don't look so at me! I have tried to please you. Good-bye, good-bye." Then as the train moved out that last sight of him through the window and the clinging about of one of his fingers.

Ah, me! what a farce! No wonder women get spoiled. Because I had been utterly thoughtless of this man's feelings or wishes or anything; because I had carelessly let him take care of me in the many little ways a girl alone needs; because I had never wanted him to care for me, or meant him to, he had—and what return had I to make him? None.

Never mind! I would be a faithful friend; I would not forget him; if only he would not write me love letters I would let him write to me and answer his letters too. That would be doing something; and then I would be faithful about delivering all the messages he had sent, and when his birthday came I would send him a card. Oh, there were lots of things a person could do for a man without marrying him.

Suppose I had married him. Could I have ever realized the picture he had drawn? Good gracious! I suppose one could if one had to, though. Meet him with a smile in the evening and get his slippers. That would be easy enough! Besides I had told him over and over that I knew I should get tired to death of any one who was around me all the time. He had said he would not be around me all the time. That might have helped matters; still it would be wearying to know that he had a right to be around all the time.

He would have been perfectly happy. He said so. It would give him life and hope and ambition. It's a pity to have it in one's power to give all that, and be too stuck-up and mean to give it.

I hoped it would not be quite as bad for him as he had said after I left. What a fool I had been to let him be with me so much when it was only preparing him to miss me so awfully.

Well! why think about it? Heavens! I had done the best I could. What right had a man to go and tumble his life into one's lap, and

then lift up his voice in lament and go and die because we could not hold it?

Come to think of it, the trouble wasn't all one side. I had not had a very pleasant time for the week gone, had I? No, nor for some time before, either.

A girl is always so slow to make up her mind a man loves her. It always seems conceited; and one puts off and puts off, and then of a sudden you get the whole thing without warning. All very fine if you know what to do with it, but anything but amusement or happiness if you don't.

Settle myself back in the train as often as I would, I could not help going back to the mess I was just out of. I wished crossly that I had less conscience and more heart. For, justify myself though I could, my conscience did prick me.

Then, as the rush of the cars deepened and I began to feel lonely fronting my long journey, all the pathos of his side of it went through me.

To have loosed the heart that had lain chained in quiet for years, to let it leap with the old time feeling of youth, to have life open up again, full of possibilities, and all for nothing! The tears came up in my eyes. I might have been more careful, thought I, and I might have been more gentle, too. After all, for me it had been no worse than an annoyance, while for him, it was a blow to his whole heart.

I was sorry, I almost yearned over this man in his loneliness, and again and again the pity of it all made me wish that I might have cared for him enough to give him better return than I had for all he felt for me. I did not dare before he would get over it. He was not a boy. "Send to me from the end of the world, dear one, and I will come," he had said. I had heard two or three things like that before. I had believed them, the first time, with a rush of intoxicating happiness at sense of power over one for whom one cares. Later I had heard such remarks with respect according to the sincerity with which I felt them to be uttered, but not with any notion of testing them even a moment after the words fell. I had grown quite used to treating people gently and not letting them see that I believed in them less than they believed in themselves, and it had always been a comfort to me to be sure they would soon get over the little ache they were feeling.

But this man, well! I did not dare hope that. He, too, had said: "I will love till I die," and with the tears springing in my eyes I had to confess to myself that he probably would do just as he said, and I was sorry, though I felt restless under the weight of the regret for his hurt put upon me. I wondered fretfully if it would make me so tired that I should at least feel bullied into sending the longed for word: "Come, I will marry you."

When I got home I rushed to a manager to try to get him a place. There were lots of things a woman could do for a man without marrying him, thought I.

"Ah!" said the manager, "here is a lady who will be glad to meet you, Miss Jones, Miss Adele Blake—Miss Jones, otherwise Mrs. Barkis. Miss Jones—Mrs. Barkis. Miss Jones has just left your husband's company."

"Mrs. Barkis," said I, with a far-away smile, "I have had the honor of your husband's acquaintance on the other side of the ocean. It is an unexpected pleasure to meet his wife. Can I do anything for you?"

THE MOUSE.

"Justice is God's law—and God's law rules the universe." So said the preacher, and down he brought his clenched white hand upon the Bible.

The stroke shook the good book and shook the whole pulpit, and mightily frightened a poor little mouse who had failed to get up to his nest in the steeple, before the sermon began.

It was an awful thing to run out among all those Christian people, but the mouse did it and scurried down through the hole that led to the steeple, and away and away he flew, higher and higher and more frightened all the while, till he reached the great wheels of the clock, and then, to make it all the worse, the clock began to strike and the poor mouse fell headlong, in a sad state of terror, among the cogs and the wheels and the endless machinery.

The clock should have struck, but it never did, though the hands pointed to twelve, for the poor little mouse was in the way, although, by that time, he was too dead to know anything about it.

All day the clock looked out upon the city and said to the people that the hour was twelve.

Surely a sad thing for a church clock to speak so falsely; yet who could blame the warden for not climbing the tower on the holy Sabbath to see what ailed the faithful old clock?

So all day the clock looked out upon the city and said to the people that the hour was twelve.

And the moon uprose and shone whitely on the church and its to the false face of the lying

clock that still, in the night, stared down upon the city saying that the hour was twelve.

Alone in his grim library sat the good man. His face was wan and haggard and his eyes gleamed feverishly through the gathering dark.

Sore was the struggle in his heart as the hour grew nigh.

Why should he lift his voice and cry out that as the midnight settled down a soul would be hurled into eternity—a soul but lately turned into the path that leads to God soul laden with sins yet unatoned.

Why should he cry out this thing—no stain of blood would be upon his hands; the guilt would all lie across the door of those two who now—even now were creeping softly to their victim's pillow.

The cold drops started to the good man's forehead—yet why should he cry out? Fortune, fame, love, all would be his if this life were taken from his path—this life he hated; this life of his one foe on earth—this life of the man who stood between him and gold, between him and glory, and between him and the fair love of the woman he hungered for.

The good man groaned aloud in his anguish. He cried to God that he would have lived in patience his dark, crippled life, nor raised a hand against this man who even stood between him and the light, but now—now that to hold back the cry of warning was all the sin needed to rid him of his foe, his tongue clove to his mouth and he could not make the sound.

Then came the ringing of a thousand harsh bells in his ears, and with a shriek of terror at the awful guilt upon him, he fled forth to save the man he hated.

But, Lo! Down upon the sleeping city stared the lying clock, and said to all that the hour was twelve.

Too late! Too late! Too late! The good man reeled against the old stone wall that circled the little space the patient dead lay in, and knew that all was over.

Now, too, he knew that on him—on him, alone—lay all the guilt and not upon the hands that even now were reeking with the warm blood of the newly murdered man.

Then all turned black before the good man's eyes. He thought of the awful life stretched out before him; of the hateful gold that would crush him with its guilty weight; of the eyes of that one woman that would rest upon him and tear his secret from him, to blast their brightness from them for ever, and the good man could not find strength within his soul to bear his punishment.

Staggering, blinded, muttering half prayers, he sought the dark bed where guilt still hopes to find repose.

The lying clock stared down and saw a white face drift up through the water, and a suicide's soul fled into eternity, even as the bells tolled the hour the false clock so long had pointed to.

Even at that moment was foul murder done, foul murder that those blue, dead lips might still have stopped—two souls took on themselves the curse of Cain to bear it in the end before their Maker, into black eternity; was hurried forth a soul, weighted with crimes unatoned, whose hour for salvation might have been granted by the warning cry the good man's voice might still have given, when it was hushed forever.

Up in the steeple six little mice lie dead for lack of the care the poor little mouse that was crushed in the wheels of the great clock should have given.

"Justice is God's law and God's law rules the universe."

Alas! that some voice might have warned the preacher how the fall of his white hand would prove the words!

E. V. S.

DR. HOUGHTON'S REQUEST.

Three theatres in New York closed their doors on Good Friday night. These were the Madison Square, Lyceum and Daly's. All other places of amusement were open as usual, but assurance has been given Dr. Houghton by several managers that a year hence they will be glad to accede to his request, which this time came too late to be acted upon.

Dr. Houghton will be pleased to learn, from the following letter, that his wishes were observed by the management of a theatre some distance from the city:

TROV, N. Y., April 25, 1889.

To the Editor of The Dramatic Mirror:

SIR: In compliance with a request in your paper from the pastor of the Little Church Around the Corner, Rand's Opera House remained closed on Good Friday, and the management have so arranged that the entire week will be closed next year.

Yours truly,

SECRETARY RAND'S OPERA HOUSE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. WHEELER ENTERS A DENIAL.

NEW YORK, April 23, 1889.

To the Editor of The Dramatic Mirror:

SIR:—The well-meant bulletin, first published by THE MIRROR and since reproduced in every shape that fancy can devise, to the effect that I am writing a play for Tommy Russell needs this correction: I am not.

I should be proud to do so, were I able. The desire is strong, but the material is weak. On my honor, I am not writing a play for Tommy Russell.

Will you kindly put this correction on the heels of the first statement, with a prayer that it may overtake it from Yours truly,

A. C. WHEELER.



## THE AMATEUR STAGE.

Address Missing.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

*Are you insured against accidents? A prepaid professional card, of ten lines or more, in THE DRAMATIC MIRROR, gives you a \$500 policy in the Preferred Mutual Accident Association of New York, free of cost.*

## BOSTON.

This week there are changes all around. At the Boston the Minstrels have given place to Lewis Morris's Fun, a spectacular presentation of the place, though not more so than Irving's.

Barber Lights is running at the Grand Opera House. Roadside, at the Museum, has been substituted for Joseph's Sweetheart, and at the Hollis Street, Robert Blum has been withdrawn to give place to Disney's Adonis. At the Park the bill for last week, Richard Roe, is carried over. The Dailys are at the Howard, with Vacation and Upside Down. Irving's Manager Field is to place a company on the New England circuit next season, to produce the Museum successes of the present season. Edgar L. Davenport of the Museum is to be married, so rumor has it, to an attractive young lady of this city well known in society circles. Mrs. Langtry's bill of fare for this week includes Lady Clancarty, As You Like It, and Pygmalion and Ganymede. Ascent is announced for next week. Rachel Wash, an old and favorite professional and still holding a place in the reserve force at the Boston Theatre, has for some seasons past devoted herself to preparing pupils for the stage. On Tuesday, May 7, a complimentary entertainment is to be given her at Union Hall, when she will appear as Galatea. The crop of child actors promised to be abundant this season. Two more have put in an appearance, and both are said to be quite clever. They made a joint debut one night last week in the suburbs and are highly praised. Captain Swift comes to the Park May 6.

## CINCINNATI.

The Boston Ideal closed a deservedly successful engagement at Mack's, the handsome north side theatre being slightly crowded during the week's engagement. Carmen was presented by Zella De La Roche in the title role. It scored the hit of the engagement and the reception accorded the brilliant comedienne was in the nature of an ovation. Walter, Swell, Burton, Butler and Clark and Pauline L'Almeida proved themselves thorough artists by the general excellence of their work during the co's engagement. The several operas of the week, notably Carmen and Daughter of the Regiment, were highly enjoyed. This week Paul Kauer, Frank Biddle et al.

At the Grand Opera House (who has not appeared in Cincinnati for several years) presented two new plays—The Second Floor and The Duchess's Daughter—during her week's engagement, which was a success. Aside from the enjoyable portrayals of the two leading roles, which were well received, the evening was also a success. The Duchess's Daughter, a comedy in three acts, was the work of the week. The Grand Opera House, which has been the scene of the week's success, is the work of the week. The Grand Opera House, which has been the scene of the week's success, is the work of the week.

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Louis friends last week. He was treasurer of Pope's Theatre a few years ago. Col. Sinn and his wife, Cora Tanner, arrived in the city on last Wednesday and rested until their opening night. The Elias have decided to take their Autumnal tour at the Grand Opera House on Thursday afternoon. They are attractions from every theatre have volunteers and local artists also. The programme will begin at 1 o'clock and continue five hours.

## PHILADELPHIA.

Holy Week is admitted to be the worst week of the dramatic season, and every attraction playing here has suffered more or less.

Of course, the chief interest of the week centered in Abbey's Antony and Cleopatra, which was seen at the Chestnut Street Opera House, and in which Mrs. Potter essayed the role of the ill-fated Queen. As a feat for the eyes this presentation could scarcely be excelled. Scenery, costumes and appointments were all magnificent; in fact, much of the merit of the play had been sacrificed for the sake of the scenic gorgeousness, and if we had been invited only to look upon a series of pictures and tableaux, success would have crowned the effort. But alas, we had to endure both speech and action. The selection of so trying a role Mrs. Potter overestimated her powers. Her performance was absolutely bad, and so unquestioned must this fact remain that it is unnecessary to support the assertion by mention of her several faults. She is so greatly to blame for the failure of the play, and for the many offences against art and good taste that criticism in her case would be but censure, and that I prefer to bestow in bulk. The Antony of Kyrie Bailey was only at infrequent intervals deserving of any praise, and the balance of the co. ranged from indifferent to bad. The opening house was very large, and the audience behaved good naturedly and were greatly amused. Serious contemplation of the play was soon abandoned, though in the main decorum was observed, but occasionally the inclination to laugh was sufficiently strong to conquer good breeding. This week Lydia Thompson.

At the Chestnut Street Theatre the revival of Erminie by the week. The engagement continues. Frank Daniel's Little Puck played to very good business at the Walnut Street Theatre. Mr. Daniels, by his quiet and artistic methods in winning much fame in this city all of which, I am happy to say, he thoroughly deserves. This week Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence in Heart of Hearts.

Field by the week, with William Gillette as the war correspondent, played to fair business at the Arch Street Theatre. This week our own Mrs. John Drew, supported by an excellent company, will be seen in The School for Scandal.

At the Grand Opera House the Carleton Opera co. gave good performances of Natan, but the business was not large. Laura Clement made in every respect a successful Natan and won much praise and admiration. She looked very pretty and her singing and acting were all commendable. The engagement continues this week.

The sterling melodrama, The Streets of New York, was presented in excellent style at the National Theatre, where it drew good houses. Frank Kilday's impersonation of Tom Roderick differed in many respects from those of his predecessors, and all of his impersonations were evidently the result of intelligent study and were in the line of improvement. This week The Inside Track.

At the Standard Theatre Mugg's Landing played to better light houses. This week Stanley Henny in C. D.

Madame Rankin and Fred Mander's Shirlind Line was produced at the Academy of Music under the management of Julius Henry, who, by the judicious use of the combination of music, scenery and light, gave the play a new and original character. It is a story of the late unpleasant war, the scene being laid in the South. A house of four persons was the first and second acts, during which time the over the top and the separation of one from the other, from his Southern wife, to whom he had been married at the time of the opening of the story. Loring, an officer of the Union army and is detailed to a command which forces him to make his headquarters at his wife's home in Kentucky. The wife treats her husband with scorn on account of their political differences, and she allows him to be surprised by the enemy, and she allows him to be captured by the enemy, and she allows him to be captured by the enemy.

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Bijou, and is undecided which offer he will close with. He would do good work in either place. He will decide during the week. If he takes the Bijou he will run a comedy co. with a high class of plays. Miss Glesson (Miss Alameda) has retired from the Company and is at home here. John Barrington and Alfred Jones have written a play entitled Woman's Devotion, or, One Year Later, which Jefferys Lewis is to produce. Robert G. Mackay is writing a comic opera libretto, entitled Fanny, the Miller's Daughter. The Tivoli Opera House celebrated the tenth year of its existence on last Thursday. It has given some fine operas in a creditable way during its existence. After the Opera's Last Handshake, which goes on during the week, an opera entitled The First Lieutenant, the libretto of which is by Clark Wile, and the music by N. Page, both Californians. W. H. Hamilton is trying to induce the Tivoli to revive Princess Loto, of which he sang the leading male character ten years ago. I forget the name of the character, but shall never forget the burlesque lines on Longfellow's Hiawatha which he recited.

Dora Wiley left on Thursday for New York to join the Jod Frothy co. The Grand Opera House is being thoroughly overhauled. J. E. Wilkins is painting a new drop curtain representing the Bay of Naples.

## CHICAGO.

The London Gaiety co. presented Monte Cristo Jr. for the last week of their engagement at the Grand Opera House. After their hit in the city, the company is to be replaced by the London Gaiety co. The London Gaiety co. presented Monte Cristo Jr. for the last week of their engagement at the Grand Opera House. After their hit in the city, the company is to be replaced by the London Gaiety co.

Lotia had a kindly welcome at McVickers, where she appeared in Pava Ticket and as Musetta. Her vivacity is as catching as ever. This week Bartley Campbell's Siberia.

Kellar had a big week in his mysterious performance at the Columbia. He has a number of new tricks which please and amuse, and the large audience that have nightly attended attest the drawing qualities of his art. This week Duncan Harrison in The Paymaster.

Barry and Fay, the clever Irish comedians, in McKenna's Flirtation, drew laughing crowds to Hood's. The same bill this week.

A Hoot in the Gloom met with its customary success at the Opera House. This week the season of grand high-priced German opera will begin with the Metropolitan Opera Co. The first week's programme is as follows: Rheingold, Walkure, Siegfried, Gotterdammerung, Meistersinger, Tannhauser and Fidelio. Passion's Slave drew the usual large audiences to the People's, and judging from the applause it was well liked. This week, Power's Ivy Leaf.

Gilmore's Two Temperaments had a prosperous week at the Haymarket. It hardly fills the bill as a spectacular piece in a city where the finest plays of the class are seen and produced. This week Margaret Davis presents a standard attraction in The Rosemary, the first time the co. has ever gone away from a downtown theatre. The opera to be given are Mignon, Werther, Dorothy, Susanna, Patience and Pygmalion and Ganymede. Special preparations have been made at the house and prices are to remain the same.

Braving the World, the new sensational play, had a good week at the Academy. Wallick's Cattle King this week.

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ITEMS: Dottie Foster of Louisville, is doing this season Lillah Dodge in A Soap Bubble, the part late treasurer of the Carleton Opera co. is in town. J. Duke Murray, on behalf of Milton Nobles, announces a benefit performance for the Actors' Fund at Love and Law is the play. It should be largely attended. The Liederkreis Concert occurs at Phoenix Hill Park. The Two Johns co. close season I. C. Stewart goes to Cincinnati, where he will join The Fat Man's Club co. Emma Vaders of the Jefferson co. met with a painful accident some years ago while playing at the Opera House as it was then called—Harris' now. She fell through an open trap on the stage and was confined to her room for months. A suit for damages followed in which she was successful. She made many friends during her confinement and made a most interesting witness in her own behalf when the case came to trial, appearing in court on crutches and giving her evidence in a convincing and somewhat dramatic manner. Paul Dresser of the Two Johns co. is the author of the popular song Here Lies an Actor.

## BROOKLYN.

George H. Adams in He, She, Him and Her played to rather light business at the Park Theatre, as was to have been expected, for Brooklynites will not do much theatre-going in Holy Week. Rice's Evangelists in this week's attraction, and it bids fair to do well. Thacker, Primrose and West's Minstrels will play a return engagement next week.

Kate Claxton in The Two Orphans did fairly well at the Grand Opera House. On Monday evening Herrmann began a week's engagement. Next, Barry and Fay.

Edward J. Hassan's One of the Finest drew two heavy houses to the Brooklyn Theatre. The bank scene was a great success. C. W. Condit was billed to appear in Hansel Kicks on Monday evening, but did not. In his place came Hardie and Von Leer in On the Frontier. Next, Lost in New York.

Henrietta Berlier in The Romance of an Actress drew fair-sized audiences to the Criterion. This week Florence J. Binkley will appear in Dot. At Hyde and Bohman's Theatre the Folly co. did good business last week. On Monday evening a special co., including several Brooklyn favorites—notably the Olympia Quartette—appeared.

Still another "last week" is announced at the Standard Museum. A nondescript programme will be presented. Last week Jack Mosley drew very well.

The Black Crook holds the boards at the Academy of Music this week.

ITEMS: The New York Herald's criticism of Kate Claxton's performance in The Sea of Ice at the Grand Opera House last week was fully appreciated by the Brooklyn readers of that paper. The Sea of Ice was not played at all during the engagement. John P. Smith will have a benefit at the Park Theatre on Saturday evening. The "mind reader," appeared at the Grand Opera House on Sunday evening. Barrow is in town for a week, and large business is a matter of course. Von Edlow's farewell performance in Brooklyn will be given at the First Baptist Church on Saturday evening.

Rice's Corsair co. played to large houses last week at the Amphion Academy. Edward Harrigan this week.

Clara Morris in Rensie de Moray drew very good houses first of last week. No performance was given on Good Friday evening. Held by the Society next week.

Gu's Hill's Specialty co. to packed houses at the Grand Theatre.

Bartley Campbell's Fate drew fairly well at the Lyceum Theatre.

The week just passed was an unusually dull and uneventful one. All the legitimate theatres were closed, with the exception of Harris' Academy of Music, and on Good Friday night there was no performance there. The farewell engagement of Louis James and Marie Wainwright was brilliant, both artistically and financially. The repertoire was very attractive, and included Othello, As You Like It, Gretchen, Ingomar, School for Scandal, and Virginia, with Miss Wainwright's Rosalind and the feature of the week. It was a genuine treat. She read the charming lines of Rosalind with a poetic grace and feeling that were irresistible, and acted the part with artistic cleverness. The co. was in the main good. A. M. Palmer's co. in Jim the Penman, began a week's engagement on Monday night.

Ford's Opera House was occupied last week by local attractions. The Haydn Musical Association gave an enjoyable concert 25, in which Miss Berger, of Philadelphia, was the vocalist. Miss Berger had been heard here before this season, and the good impression she had made was strengthened. She is a singer of splendid natural gifts and thorough musical education. Grise-old, the fat Contributor of the Texas Siftings, lectured on his trip around the world on Friday night.

The doors of Holiday Street Theatre were closed all the week. The Helen Lamont Opera co. open on Monday night in Ruddygore and continue the engagement during two weeks. Gilbert and Sullivan's opera constituting the repertoire announced.

The Acme Specialty co. filled the Monumental Theatre and gave a good programme. Weber and Field's Specialty co. this week.

A week of sensational drama drew big houses to Forepaugh's Temple Theatre with Martin Hayden and Eugene Deserier in The Boy Hero, as the stars. Bacon Legits this week.

W. H. Rightmire in The Two Wanderers and The Outcasts of New York, divided the week at Front Street Theatre with good box-office results. Frank Kilday in The Streets of New York opens for the week on Monday night.

ITEMS: The Gratorio Society announce a concert at Ostror Hall for May 7. Hans Von Bulow gives one piano recital at the Lyceum 25. The Juch-Perotti Concert co. on Tuesday night appear in a miscellaneous programme and the second act of Faust. I had occasion last week to go up to Fredrick and find affairs theatrical, at a worldly low ebb. There is a very nice theatre there, well filled up and with good stage appointments, and a population of about 2000. No attraction has been there for months and the people are pining for amusement of some kind.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The American Opera co. is drawing good houses at Albough's though the co., as a whole, is far from strong. Lillian MacNichol, a Washington girl, among the best, and has been warmly received. Har Lamorillo in Maritana, on Tuesday evening, was a performance and she received quantities of flowers. Pearl of Pekin 25, Harry Lee 25.

Jim the Penman to tolerably good houses at the National. He, She, Him, Her 25. Lydia Thompson 25.

The Main Line is very successful at Harris'. True Irish Hearts 25.

Blake's Equine Paradise at Kernan's 25.

ITEMS: Rhia closed a very good engagement 25 with a fine performance of Adrienne Lecouvreur. Mrs. R. E. Hitt invited a few distinguished persons to meet Rhia Sunday afternoon—Will N. Bell, Rhia's treasurer, resigned to go into business in New York. Miss Letitia Aldrich, of one of the Jim de Romero co's, is here visiting her cousin, Mrs. J. de Romero. Mrs. Mary E. Latery, of St. Louis, well-known in musical circles, is visiting Mrs. General Crook at the Exhibit. She spent an evening at the White House and a few friends. Nilla De Vignieras, assisted by Signor Del Puente and the Wagner Society in concert at National Rifles Hall 25 under distinguished patronage. Vida Croly, the Mrs. Chapstone of Jim the Penman co., has been spending the week with Mrs. W. F. Morse. She was "at home" Friday afternoon to a goodly number of callers who would be pleased to see her in some more important part than the one she has. The National Opera co. appear in a "sacred" concert Sunday night at Albough's.

JERSEY CITY.

McKee Rankin and co. played The Runaway Wife at the Academy of Music last week. The story of the play is commonplace and is told in a dry and ineffectual manner. The co. was reasonably good, and the business only fair. This week Joseph Murphy in The Kerry Gow.

ALABAMA.

TUSCALOOSA—Bartley's Opera House 25.



**Study, manager:** G. H. Hamilton's Dramatic co. played here to very light business 12, 13.

### ARKANSAS.

**HELENA.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (F. B. Sliger, manager): Jennie Holman comb. week beginning 21.

### CALIFORNIA.

**PASADENA.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Harry C. Wyatt, manager): Spenser's Little Tycoon Opera co. gave entire satisfaction 4.—ITEMS: Mrs. H. C. Wyatt has gone East to claim a fortune left her by an English relative.—Barnes has that Catherine Linyard, of the Tycoon Opera co., has fallen heir to \$50,000 worth of valuable property in and about Pasadena.—We are to have a stock opera co. composed of Alice Vincent, late of Carleton's Opera co.; W. Fitzgerald, late of the Corried co.; O. W. Kyrie and others. Mr. Wyatt goes to San Francisco next week to engage the chorus and a director.

**SAN JOSE.**—CALIFORNIA THEATRE (C. J. Martin, manager): The Grimes-Davies co. to good sized audiences in Forsaken and The World Against Her 4, 5. Orville Musin Concert co. to a good house 12.

**OAKLAND.**—OAKLAND THEATRE (A. W. Stillwell, manager): The Music Concert co. was greeted by a large and fashionable house 4. Jeffreys Lewis in La Astray for a week to small business 4.

**LOS ANGELES.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Harry C. Wyatt, manager): Willard Spenser's Little Tycoon played to a very large house all week.—LOS ANGELES THEATRE (Harry C. Wyatt, manager): The benefit of the Elks of this city occurred 7 and a packed house was the result. One act of Chas. Bassett's The Drummer's Life was given and several other selections, including numbers by members of The Little Tycoon co.

**SANTA BARBARA.**—SANTA BARBARA THEATRE (William Mengel, manager): This theatre will be closed for a month, while undergoing a thorough renovating and complete remodeling.

### COLORADO.

**COLORADO SPRINGS.**—OPERA HOUSE (S. N. Nye, manager): Corried's English Opera co. presented The King's Fool to a large and well-planned audience 12.

**DENVER.**—Penny Davenport's La Tosca engagement, which closed 12, was one of the notable weeks in the history of the Taber, both financially and artistically. Miss Davenport's Flora was exquisite and Mr. McDowell's Scarpia excellent. The remainder of the support was good. Corried Opera co. in The King's Fool opened to-night. Kate Castleton next. Marie's trained dogs crowded the Denver theatre last two nights week of 8.—ITEMS: F. MacCullough Ross was ill on the night of the Davenport engagement and his part of Mario was played by Theodore Roberts. The latter's part of Angeliotti was taken by Arthur A. Lotto.—On the opening night of the Davenport engagement nearly \$5,000 was taken in at the box office.

**ASPEN.**—RINE OPERA HOUSE (E. C. Rice, manager): Spenser's Little Tycoon co. opened 12 to the capacity of house, S. R. O. being displayed by 5:30 o'clock.—OPENING: The Wheeler Grand will open on 24th inst. with The King's Fool. All seats will be \$2.50. The theatre will be satisfactory to audience and player.

### CONNECTICUT.

**HARTFORD.**—HARTFORD OPERA HOUSE (Jacobs and Proctor, managers): Hazel Kirke, with the veteran Corried, 12-13, did a fairly good business. The first production of this play was at this house, where it was tried on the provincial canvas under the name of The Iron Will. Mrs. Langtry drew a large house 12. The audience, however, was very unconstructive. The piece presented—The Lady of Lyons—had much to do with this, as every star who has this play in repertoire seems always to present it here, and much regret was expressed that some play more popular had not been selected by Mrs. Langtry.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Ward and Foster, managers): Dixey, with the ever-planned Adonis, packed the house for the second time this season 12.

**NORWICH.**—OPERA HOUSE (Andrews and Harris, managers): Dixey in Adonis 12 to a large and well-planned audience.

**MIDDLETOWN.**—MCDONOUGH OPERA HOUSE (A. M. Colegrove, proprietor): Harbor Lights to a good house 20.

**TORRINGTON.**—OPERA HOUSE (F. R. Matthews, manager): Lilly Rowley in Ingomar 4; Miss Rowley's Parthenia was highly appreciated by the well-filled house. Support first-class.

**BRIDGEPORT.**—HAWES OPERA HOUSE (R. Tomlinson, manager): The Wife co. returned 12; good attendance. Murray and Murphy furnished entertainment for a large audience 12.—PROCTOR'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Proctor and Belknap, managers): The Wilbur Opera co. week of 12. Susie Kirwin leading. Considering that it was Holy Week the patronage was good.—ITEMS: The annual meeting of the Connecticut Press Association was held in this city 12. Managers Tomlinson, of this city, Jean Jacques, of Waterbury, and George B. Russell, of New Haven, were elected honorary members. After the dinner, Mrs. Langtry, a few well-chosen remarks, thanked his newspaper friends for the honor bestowed upon him, and amid great applause made a rapid exit.—Edward Trail, for the past season manager of Jefferson and Proctor's Hazel Kirke co., will return to his old position as chief agent for the Brighton Beach Railroad.—Will Walling, late of Wilson's Minstrels and now residing at his home in this city, will fill a week's engagement at Tony Pastor's Theatre 22.—P. F. Proctor, while on his way to Boston, stopped off here 12. The proposed benefit for the Elks 22 has been given up, as they were unable to secure the attraction they wanted.

### DAKOTA.

**SIOUX FALLS.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (S. M. Bear, manager): Due: Coup's Horses 22-23.

### DELAWARE.

**WILMINGTON.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Proctor and Souler, managers): Kidder's musical skit, C. O. D., was presented 12-13 to fairly good houses. John Wild in Running Wild followed to fair business 12, 13.—ITEMS: Lent interfered considerably with business here, but Manager Souler has some good things in store, which will make a boom in business. The season will be continued until early in June.

### ILLINOIS.

**QUINCY.**—LITTLE NUGGET OPERA HOUSE (Dr. P. A. Marks, manager): Little Nugget attracted a large audience 12. The performance was heartily enjoyed by all. Stetson's Uncle Tom's Cabin played to a big house 12.

**STREATOR.**—PLUMB OPERA HOUSE (J. E. Williams, manager): Charles A. Gardner 12 in his new romantic comedy Fatherland, good business.

**SPRINGFIELD.**—CHATTERBOX OPERA HOUSE (J. H. Freeman, manager): May Beattie co. 12-13 presented Caprice, Hoodman Blind and Romany Eye to fair sized audience, at ten, twenty and thirty cents.

**SHREVEPORT.**—OPERA HOUSE (Philip Parker, manager): House dark since March 5. Will re-open 17, 18 with Black Brother's Equine and Canine Paradox.

**CAIRO.**—OPERA HOUSE (Sol A. Silver, manager): Love and Law drew well 12.

**FREESPORT.**—GERMANIA HALL (H. J. Mough, manager): Buchanan Comedy co. 12-13 to good business. J. B. Little's World co. to a poor house 15. Good performance.

**DANVILLE.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (William Stewart, manager): Stetson's Uncle Tom 12 to standing room. Entertainment satisfactory.—ITEMS: Leslie Davis of the House-Farman has been for the season. He reports good business and will open in July at Galesburg.

**GALESBURG.**—NEW OPERA HOUSE (W. F. Bailey, manager): On account of associations the house was dark last week.

**JOLIET.**—OPERA HOUSE (R. I. Allen, manager): Charles A. Gardner, in Fatherland 12 to a large and well pleased audience.

**ROCKFORD.**—OPERA HOUSE (C. C. Jones, manager): Passion's Slave to a slim house 12.

**DECATUR.**—SMITH'S OPERA HOUSE (F. W. Heines, manager): Gorman's Minstrels gave a very fair performance to a good house 12. Stetson's Uncle Tom's Cabin packed the house 12. The performance gave general satisfaction.

**LINCOLN.**—GILBERT'S OPERA HOUSE (R. C. Maxwell, manager): Florence Hamilton in repertoire, week of 12 to good business.—ITEMS: The Opera House will be closed for extensive repairs about May 1.

**CHAMPAIGN.**—ARMORY (S. L. Nelson, manager): Gus Williams in Keppler's Fortunes gave a splendid performance to a large house 12; support very good. Snow Brother's Jolly Voyagers, appeared to a good house but gave a very unsatisfactory entertainment 12.

**STERLING.**—WALLACE OPERA HOUSE (Lawrie Brothers, managers): The Gorman's spectacular minstrels opened the Opera House 4 to a crowded house, giving entire satisfaction.—ACADEMY OF MUSIC: Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels to a good house and entire satisfaction 12. Little's World to poor business 12; fair entertainment.

### INDIANA.

**INDIANAPOLIS.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Dickson and Talbot, managers): Hoyt's Hole in the Ground was well presented to good houses 12-13. Nellie McHenry, supported by competent people, occupied the house with a poor play the first three nights of last week.—PARK THEATRE (Dickson and Talbot, managers): P. F. Baker in The Emigrant proved to be a big drawing card all week.

**NEW ALBANY.**—NEW ALBANY OPERA HOUSE (John Harbison, manager): House dark this week. Due: Joseph Murphy May 3, 4.—ITEMS: As this Opera House was not opened until late this season Manager Harbison has not been able to secure many good attractions but is now rapidly filling dates for next season.

**LA FAYETTE.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (George A. Dickson, manager): Uncle Tom's Cabin to fair business 12. Philipp Salvini gave four exhibitions of trained animals to light business 12, 13. Gorman's Minstrels pleased a good audience 12.

**CRAWFORDSVILLE.**—MUSIC HALL (Leslie Davis, lessee and manager): Gorman's Spectacular Minstrels to a good house 12 giving an excellent entertainment.—PEOPLE'S THEATRE (Miller and Richmond, lessees and managers): House dark all week. Due: Chicago Opera co. 12-13.

**PORT WAYNE.**—MASONIC TEMPLE (J. H. Simpson, manager): Stewart's Fat Men's Club delighted a fair audience 12. Baldwin Comedy co. is doing splendid business this week.

**MARION.**—SWEETEN'S OPERA HOUSE (E. L. Kimmernan, manager): J. S. Murphy in The Kerry Gow played to a good house 12. J. C. Stewart presented his new musical comedy, The Fat Men's Club to a good sized and enthusiastic audience 12. It is the brightest comedy we have had here this season.—ITEMS: Manager Stewart of the Fat Men's Club reports business as being excellent. He sends his regards to the DRAMATIC MIRROR.

**MICHIGAN CITY.**—OPERA HOUSE (Weiler and Leist, managers): Herbert and Eastman's Chicago Comic Opera co. played three nights opening 12 with La Mascotte giving splendid satisfaction.

**LOGANSPORT.**—OPERA HOUSE (William Dolan, manager): J. C. Stewart's Fat Men's Club entertained a fair sized audience 12. Gorman's Minstrels played to a good house 12. Satisfactory performance.

**RICHMOND.**—PHILLIPS OPERA HOUSE (G. W. P. Jackson, acting manager): Gus Williams in Keppler's Fortunes 12 to good business. Rose Hill's Society co. to fair business with a poor entertainment. J. C. Stewart's Fat Men's Club to an average house 12.

### IOWA.

**DUBUQUE.**—OPERA HOUSE (Duncan and Waller, managers): J. Z. Little's World co. to fair business 12. The co. is an excellent one and gave the best of satisfaction.—ITEMS: Last week there was a meeting at the Board of Trade rooms, of prominent citizens for the purpose of forming a stock co. to build a new opera house. They elected officers and the outlook for the enterprise is very favorable.—Beatrice Lieb is spending a short vacation with her parents in this city.

**CEDAR RAPIDS.**—GREENE'S (F. A. Simmons, manager): Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels to light business 12.

**BOONE.**—PHIPPS THEATRE (C. E. Phipps, proprietor): House has been dark during Lent. Due: Kate Bensberg Opera co. May 1.—PERSONAL: Will Darnell has closed with Frank Lindon and is home for the Summer.

**DAVENPORT.**—BURTIS OPERA HOUSE (W. H. Fluke, manager): Vernon Jarbeau in Sunlight to a good house 12.—TURNER GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Charles T. Kind, manager): Shadows of a Great City to fair houses 12, 13. The co. is a remarkably well-balanced one.—PERSONAL: Rose Tiffany, of The Shadows of a Great City, is ill here. She was taken ill during the entertainment 12, but luckily played her part through.

**SIOUX CITY.**—PEAVEY GRAND OPERA HOUSE (W. I. Buchanan, manager): Kate Castleton in A Paper Doll proved a good drawing card 12, 13. Roland Reed in Hamburg to a good house 12. Audience delighted.

**DES MOINES.**—FOSTER'S OPERA HOUSE (William Foster, manager): Shadows of a Great City played to good houses 12, 13, giving entire satisfaction.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (W. W. Moore, manager): Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels came to good business 12, giving an excellent entertainment and showing some very fine costumes.

**OSKAHOUSA.**—MASONIC OPERA HOUSE (G. N. Beecher, manager): Little Nugget pleased a good audience 12.

**MUSCATINE.**—TURNER OPERA HOUSE (Barney Schmidt, manager): House dark this week. Gorman's Minstrels played to a good house 12. Audience well satisfied.

**WATERLOO.**—BROWN'S OPERA HOUSE (C. Brown, manager): House dark. Mrs. Alice Shaw is due May 1.

**MARSHALLTOWN.**—THE ODEON (A. Glick, manager): The Shadows of a Great City played to one of the best houses of the season 12. They were all excellent people.

### KANSAS.

**LEAVENWORTH.**—CRAWFORD'S OPERA HOUSE (L. M. Crawford, manager): Due: The Bon Ton Opera co. week of 22.

**PARSONS.**—EDWARDS OPERA HOUSE (C. M. Johnson, manager): Due: Clara Louise Kellogg May 7.

**WINFIELD.**—WINFIELD GRAND (E. R. Myers, local manager): Kellogg Opera co. May 10.—MAYNARD'S OPERA HOUSE (F. B. Myers, manager): Payton Comedy co. week of 22. F. B. Myers, May Blossom, Joshua Whitcomb, Uncle Daniel.

**TOPEKA.**—CRAWFORD'S OPERA HOUSE (L. M. Crawford, manager): Kate Castleton, with most excellent support, presented her new play, A Paper Doll, 8.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (H. H. Macy, manager): Cora Tanner in Fascination opens 12, 13.

**PERSONAL:** Rich Managers, Macy and Crawford are with us again to take a personal look at the property during the past season to erect a block of brick flats with stores under them on his property at the corner of Monroe and Fifth Avenue. This property is said now to be all rented and paying 20 per cent. interest on the investment.—Manager Harry Phillips, of the Kate Castleton co., is the owner of a block in Fort Scott, Kansas, in addition to his hotel home in Oakland, California. Mr. Phillips has great confidence in the future of Kansas and as we are in the same boat, there's success to him.

### KENTUCKY.

**PADUCAN.**—NORTON OPERA HOUSE (John Quigley, proprietor): P. F. Baker, with his troupe of trained horses, gave three performances to splendid houses 12-13. With a Noble, who is an old Paducah favorite, presented Love and Law 12 to open lid business.—ITEMS: John Quigley, the manager of Norton's Opera House, has just completed a beautiful

summer theatre in the Park that will seat 1,200 people. It has a large stage. He is now booking opera and vaudeville cos.

**LEXINGTON.**—NEW OPERA HOUSE (Scott and Mann, managers): Joseph Jefferson played to a large and appreciative audience 12.

**HENDERSON.**—OPERA HOUSE (R. E. Cook, manager): Milton Nobles 12 in From Sire to Son to a good house. Performance splendid.

### MAINE.

**BRUNSWICK.**—TOWN HALL (E. A. Crawford, manager): Little Lord Fauntleroy to splendid business at advanced prices 12.

**PORTLAND.**—THEATRE: Margaret Mather drew good audiences 5, 6, and gave creditable performances of The Honey-moon and Romeo and Juliet. Support good. The Madison Square 12 in The Private Secretary with a very clever cast amused two large houses 12, 13. The Daisies in Vacation played to a good-sized house 12 and met with an enthusiastic welcome. Little Lord Fauntleroy played a return engagement 12, 13, and gave three performances of this charming play to fine audiences.—CITY HALL: Haverly-Cleveland Minstrels played to a big house 12 and gave the finest minstrel show of the season.—ITEMS: Manager Knowlton has secured that irrefragable comedian, Ben Lodge, for his Summer season at Greenwood Garden.

**SKOWHEGAN.**—CORBURN HALL (E. C. Haselton, manager): The Private Secretary 12 played to the smallest house of the season. Performance unsatisfactory.

**BANGOR.**—OPERA HOUSE (Frank A. Owen, manager): Haverly-Cleveland Minstrels to large business 12. The Private Secretary to light business 12, 13; general satisfaction.

### MARYLAND.

**CUMBERLAND.**—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (H. W. Williams, manager): Fleming's Around the World in Eighty Days to a packed house 12. Performance rather unsatisfactory.

### MASSACHUSETTS.

**SPRINGFIELD.**—GILMORE'S OPERA HOUSE (W. G. Lenoir, manager): Have fair business to report for holy week. Murray and Murphy were Our Irish Visitors, and their free-and-easy skit went off like a rocket 12. Mrs. Langtry's engagement in The Lady of Lyons 12 was not a great success. Her Pauline was of a conventional type and Mr. Coghlan far from an ideal Claude. The support, Frederick Ever-

ill excepted, was bad. We caught our first gleam of Harbor Lights 12. "Twas a little too English for our tastes. Gustavus Levick spouts the sentimental platitudes of Lieut. Kingsley well. Julia Stewart makes a most sympathetic Dora. Luke Martin and Nina Boucicaut carry the comedy parts splendidly. Two Old Cronies 12. Wills and Henshaw are a great team. Josie Domaine made a very favorable impression. The support, Murray and Murphy, state that the report that their contract ends with J. M. Hill this Spring is incorrect; it has still two seasons to run. They open at the Union Square June 27. They have two new farcical pieces, Irish Jubilee and A Scandal in High Life. The Elks entertained their company after the performance.—Mrs. Langtry while here, was seized between the acts with a sudden indisposition, an outcome of her recent illness. A physician in the audience was called to her aid. She managed with a great effort, to finish the performance.—Gustavus Levick, the leading man of the Harbor Lights co., went to New York on last Saturday to visit his family but in returning on Monday missed connection in this city. He was forced to charter an extra train for \$45 to carry him to Holyoke, ten miles up the river, in time for the curtain.—Property man George W. Reed of the Harbor Lights co. is a brother of Roland Reed.—Appropos of Lawrence Marston's belief in the magic thirteen, Manager Anderson of Two Old Cronies says there were thirteen people in his co. last season.—Max Horter, musical director of the Wilbur Opera co., was prostrated here with pleurisy 12.—Mrs. W. H. Kohlne, wife of the comedian, is wielding the baton during his illness.—Wilbur gave his first presentation of The Chimes of Normandy here 12. How it has escaped us these many years is a mystery.—Susie Kirwin still treasures her first Bettina costumes. Several years ago on a Mascotte night, the prima donna being ill, Miss Kirwin, then in the chorus, filled the vacancy and has been filling it ever since.—The Noble Beggar is the title Wilbur does The Beggar Student under.—Jay Mason, Wilbur's stage manager, is considering a good offer from Carl Rosa for an English tour in company with his wife, Fatmah Diard.

**WORCESTER.**—THEATRE (Mrs. Wilkinson, manager): Mrs. Langtry in Lady of Lyons and Margaret Mather as Lady Macbeth were the week's attractions. Mrs. Langtry drew a crowded house. Miss Mather's houses were rather light. Coming as she did on the last two days of Lent may have had something to do with it.—THE MUSE (George H. Batebelle, manager): The Bohemian Girl was well received all week. Next week Fra Diavolo will be given. As the Wilbur Opera co. play all week at the Theatre, it will make an unusual week of opera. Dr. Bristol of the Dime Museum, has engaged the rink for next week and will place the Japanese village in it and give a stage performance in addition. Milton Aborn of the Aborn Opera co., returned past week from Buffalo, N. Y., where he has rented one of the theatres for a term of eight years.

**LAWRENCE.**—OPERA HOUSE (A. L. Grant, manager): Margaret Mather 12, 13 in The Honey-moon and Macbeth to good business. Monroe and Rice 20 in My Aunt Bridget to a good house.—ITEMS: John H. Raphael, Bernard Dyllon and Catherine Linyard have been engaged for the Monroe and Rice co.—George Reardon is at home for the Summer.

**HAVERHILL.**—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (James P. West, manager): Muriel and Morphy to a large house 12. The Daisies in Vacation 12 to a good house. Local Minstrels 22.

**LYNN.**—PROCTOR'S THEATRE (A. H. Dexter, manager): Ullie Akerstrom 8, week, to the poorest business she ever played to in this city. H. R. Jacobs co. in Queen's Evidence to poor business 12, 13.—MUSIC HALL (J. W. Caverly, manager): Mme. Gyer's Specialty co. opened for four nights to poor business 12.

**NEW BEDFORD.**—OPERA HOUSE (J. C. Omev, manager): Dixey in Adonis 12, second visit this season, to a packed house.

**AMESBURY.**—NEW OPERA HOUSE (C. W. Currier, manager): Haverly-Cleveland Minstrels 12 to a good house; excellent performance. Little Lord Fauntleroy 12 (return) to a very small house.—ITEMS: Manager Currier will be associated with George B. Upham in the management of Tom Ricketts.

**HOLYOKE.**—HOLYOKE OPERA HOUSE (Chase Bros., managers): Lewis Morrison in Faust to a small house 12. Murray and Murphy in their original absurdity entitled Our Irish Visitors to a light business 12. Harbor Lights drew only a slim house 12.

**FITCHBURG.**—WHITNEY'S OPERA HOUSE (Chas. H. Dunn, manager): Daniel Boone co. 12 to a fair house. Maude Banks played A French Marriage to a good business 12. Margaret Mather in The Honey-moon 12. The house was filled at advanced prices and an excellent entertainment given.

**SOUTH FRAMINGHAM.**—ELMWOOD OPERA HOUSE (N. P. Coburn, lessee and manager): Harbor Lights to a fair-sized sympathetic house 12. Daniel Boone co. with a very poor co. to a fair house 12. Two Old Cronies, return dates to rather light business 12.

**TAUNTON.**—MUSIC HALL (A. B. White, proprietor): Two Old Cronies to a large house 12. Second visit. Audience well pleased.

**ROCKTON.**—CITY THEATRE (W. W. Croan, manager): Fredericks and Vaughn's co. presented Ten Nights in a Barroom to fair houses matinee and evening 12. They returned and played U. T. C. 12.

**CHELSEA.**—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (James B. Field, manager): The co. was excellent. House closed balance of the week.

**WESTFIELD.**—OPERA HOUSE (P. W. Howe, manager): Our Picnic co. 12; poor performance and slim house. Harbor Lights 12; medium house, composed of our best people.

### MICHIGAN.

**DETROIT.**—MINER'S GRAND THEATRE (H. C. Miner, manager): J. T. Altorance, resident manager: Ezra Kendall in A Pair of Kids the first half of the week to poor business, which was quite just-

ifiable considering the character of the play. But of all weak forces it is entitled to the palm. Kendall, himself, is too good a comedian to be hampered by such a trashy piece. Julia Marlowe, supported by her own co., appeared during the latter half of the week as Rosalind, Parthenia and Viola before crowded and enthusiastic houses. Next week A Hole in the Ground.—DETROIT OPERA HOUSE (C. J. Whitney, manager): The Still Alarm with Harry Lacey as leading man did a good week's business. Next week London Gaiety Burlesque co.—WHITNEY'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE (C. E. Blanchett, manager): Dan Sully was the attraction all week. Good business was the result. Con Conroy & Co. was to have been played the latter part of the week but owing to the size of the stage it was found impracticable to mount it. Next week My Partner.

**EAST SAGINAW.**—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (Clay, Powers and Buckley, managers): John W. Ransome in Across the Atlantic to a fair house 12. The support was mediocre.

**KALAMAZOO.**—ACADEMY OF MUSIC (L. S. Merriman, manager): Ida Van Cortlandt did fair business 12-13. Robert Mantell as Monbars had a good house 12.

**MUSKEGON.**—OPERA HOUSE (Fred. L. Reynolds, manager): James A. Herne's Hearts of Oak to light business 12. Ezra Kendall in A Pair of Kids to a fair house 12. Julia Marlowe in Twelfth Night to a large house 12.

**BATTLE CREEK.**—HAMBLIN'S OPERA HOUSE (T. G. Merriman, manager): Hearts of Oak to a fair house 12.

**LANSING.**—OPERA HOUSE (M. J. Buck, manager): Hearts of Oak gave splendid satisfaction 12. Across the Atlantic to good business 12. Mr. Ransome is as versatile as ever.

**IONIA.**—OPERA HOUSE (K. R. Smith, manager): Ida Van Cortlandt supported by the Tavernier Dramatic co. opened a week's engagement here 12 to a fair house in Forget Me Not.

**OWASSO.**—SALISBURY'S OPERA HOUSE (F. H. Kohler, manager): George Ober and a good co. gave an excellent performance of Jekyll and Hyde 12 to a small but well pleased audience.

**JACKSON.**—HIBBARD OPERA HOUSE (D. H. Redmond, manager): Robert Mantell with excellent support presented Monbars to a fair but well pleased audience 12. Zera Semon, ventriloquist and wonder worker, opened a week's engagement to a packed house 12.

**GRAND RAPIDS.**—POWERS' OPERA HOUSE (C. H. Garwood, manager): Ida Van Cortlandt returned 12. Playing Forget Me Not at matinee and Romeo and Juliet in the evening. Large audiences demonstrated their approval of the performance. Robert Mantell made his first appearance 12, 13. Monbars was given and proved to be a strong but slightly overdrawn play. Julia Marlowe to a large audience 12.—REDEMOS'S (H. G. Garwood, manager): The Faust Burlesque co. has been doing a large business all week.—SMITH'S (W. B. Smith, manager): The Magician's Novelty show introduced The Pavers of Paris, Prof. Mathews, Dan McAvoy, Sig Alberti and others have drawn well and presented a good performance.—ITEMS: The Horace Lewis Monte Cristo co. rested here during Holy Week. They appear at Redmond's all next week.

### MINNESOTA.

**WINONA.**—OPERA HOUSE (Shepard and Hitzler, managers): A Postage Stamp gave a pleasing entertainment to a fair house 12. Dockstad's Minstrels to a crowded house 12.

**ST. PAUL.**—NEWMARKET THEATRE (L. N. Scott, lessee and manager): Roland Reed presented The Woman Hater and Cheek to good houses 12-13. Dockstad's Minstrels drew large audiences 12-13.—PEOPLE'S THEATRE (L. W. Walker, manager): The home co. produced The Silver King, giving an excellent performance, week of 12.—OLYMPIC THEATRE (W. J. Wells, manager): A good co. presented a fine olio and taking specialties to fair business week of 12.

**STILLWATER.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (E. W. Durant, manager): A Postage Stamp co. to good house 12. Their Hussar band was splendid.

**MINNEAPOLIS.**—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (J. P. Conklin, manager): Percy Wadon's High Tide to fair business 12-13. W. C. Comp's Equestrianism to very good houses 12-13. Prof. Buckley's horses are remarkably well trained.—HENSEN'S AVENUE THEATRE (Carl L. Wallace, manager): Edwin Barbour in A Legal Document week of 8. Business poor. House dark week of 12.—PEOPLE'S THEATRE (J. T. McCaddon, manager): Esmeralda drew fair houses week of 8. Etta Salisbury deserves much commendation for her work as Esmeralda.—FENCE OPERA HOUSE (Frederick Beck, manager): Power of Money to good business week of 8. A Mountain Pink to capacity of the house.—ITEMS: Edwin Perry, of the People's co., will be in Louis James' support cast of 12-13. The street car strike has materially affected theatre receipts.

### MISSISSIPPI.

**MERIDIAN.**—OPERA HOUSE (Levi Rathenber, manager): Ealy and Breckley's Novelty co. 12 to good business, and gave entire satisfaction. Miss Herndon to a small house 2. This is a poor co. and gives unsatisfactory performances.—There is now being organized here a corporation of solid business men for the purpose of building a large and commodious Opera House, which is very much needed. They hope to have it completed for next season.

### MISSOURI.

**JOPLIN.**—HAYENS OPERA HOUSE (H. H. Hayens, manager): Elliott's Jolly Voyagers 12, 13 to well-filled houses; gave a very pleasing performance.

**ST. JOSEPH.**—TOOTLE'S OPERA HOUSE (L. M. Crawford, manager): Kate Castleton, with a good co., presented A Paper Doll 9, 10 to only fair business. The tableaux of Ben J. West presented by local talent to good business 12, 13. The Bon Ton Dramatic co. commenced a week's engagement at popular prices 12. Their repertoire is a varied one, and embraces some plays that have always been done before at regular prices.

**KANSAS CITY.**—COATES' (M. H. Hudson, manager): Emma Abbott Opera co. in repertoire filled a successful engagement last week. The audiences were very large, packing the house at each performance, making the engagement about the best success financially of the season.—GILLIS (Hudson and Thomas, managers): Mrs. McKee Rankin in The Golden Giant Mine held the boards last week to fair business.—NINTH STREET (A. Judah, manager): Fisher's Cold Day co. amused the patrons of this house last week.

### NEBRASKA.

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